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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1856, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, news, local and general news, well selected advertisements and valuable farmers and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to subscribers.

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New Trolley Line to Beach.

Newport & Providence Railway Institute to Build Only Because of Expense of Winter Operation.—Ready to Start at Once if Summer Time is Permitted.

The Mercury learns on unquestioned authority that the Newport & Providence Railway has had under consideration for some time the project of extending their line to the Beach, and that there is only one reason why the extension has not been begun before this time. The Company is perfectly willing to build, equip and operate the line, except for the fact that the operating expenses in the winter would eat up considerably more than the extension could possibly earn in the summer. If the city of Newport should intimate a willingness to allow the Beach line to be operated for, say, four months only, and to be closed down absolutely for the rest of the year, steps would be taken immediately to build the road and to have it in operation long before the opening of the summer season.

It would be of great advantage to the city of Newport to have this additional road to the Beach. Traffic conditions on Bath road last summer were unbearable, the highway being impeded by the standing cars of the Bay State Street Railway for a large part of the time, thus working a hardship to other vehicles. But more than this, that railway could not begin to transport comfortably and quickly the thousands of Newporters and strangers who wished to go to the Beach. Our street railway system was a joke, although a disagreeable and somewhat costly one. As far as can now be seen the Bay State Company will be in just as bad condition this year as it was last, and the only relief is to look to some other street than Bath road as a means of access to the Beach by trolley.

The Newport & Providence Railway would go out through the northern section of the city and would approach the Beach by the back way. Their city terminus would be Washington square, directly at the head of Long wharf and near the railroad station, both being important landing places for excursionists, as well as accommodating Newporters from a wide area. They would proceed out Broadway and turn off through some street not nearer the city than Bliss road, running through an open and unobstructed country to the Beach and not interfering in any way with other traffic. The trip from Washington square to the Beach could be made in fifteen minutes.

Now the directors and backers of the Newport & Providence Railway have sufficient faith in this extension to be willing to put their money into it, provided that it can be closed up when the summer is over. The line will of course run through an unsettled part of the city, where there will be no traffic whatever in the winter time, and there seems no reason why the city of Newport should not welcome the opportunity to secure this line for the summer time only. In hundreds of summer resorts there are trolley lines, sometimes miles in extent, that are operated for only a couple of months a year, and there is no reason why such privilege should not be permitted here.

The investment would be a large one for the railway, as there would have to be new cars as well as rails, wires, etc. But there is plenty of money available for the project if it can be operated for the summer only. It is estimated that the expense of operation during the winter would amount to \$2000 a month, and as the receipts could not possibly amount to more than a tenth of that sum it can be seen how rapidly the apparent profits of summer operation could vanish in the winter time.

The Newport & Providence Railway Company has a good record in Newport in every way. Its tracks are well laid, its cars are well built, its employees are courteous and competent. The operating schedule is maintained regularly throughout the year, and the cars are comfortable and clean. It is a road that can be relied upon to handle the very important Beach traffic in a competent manner.

The city of Newport can well afford to look into this matter promptly and to take such action as shall remove the intolerable street car conditions that existed last summer.

To-morrow will be the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and the observance in this city will probably be on the following day when banks and public offices will be closed. This, Saturday evening, the Sons of the Revolution will tender a reception to the members of William Ellery Chapter and Col. William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., at the home of the president, Col. Edward A. Sherman, on Powell avenue. The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will take place next Monday evening at Masonic Hall.

At the meeting of the board of trade on Tuesday evening, steps were taken to prepare for the annual dinner during the first week in March.

A Genuine Blizzard

Winter, raging, howling winter, with blizzards and drifts, and rain and sleet, with treacherous walks under foot and battling storms overhead, with the mercury hovering down out of sight in the thermometer, has been upon us this week. Not for years has so much weather been crowded into one short week. The worst blizzard since 1898 was preceded and followed by more snow and by a steady rain that seemed even more disagreeable than the snow. If we can stand this week we can stand almost anything that can be offered.

The snow began as far back as Friday of last week and there has not been any real let-up since. Last Saturday was a very disagreeable day, the snow turning to rain after a while, but not until the street cars had been knocked off schedule and the plows of both roads had been called into play to clear the rails. Sunday was a fair day overhead but the walking was very bad.

Monday saw the real storm of the season. It snowed steadily during the forenoon, the flakes coming down gently and resting where they fell, there being hardly a breath of air to move them. At noon the storm seemed about to cease and many people believed that the weather was about to clear permanently. In a short time however it was soon snowing with greater energy and as the day advanced the violence increased, until by five o'clock a northeast gale drove the snow before it, whipping it into drifts before a sixty-mile wind.

It seemed to be a real blizzard. Horses could barely drag themselves along through the fury of the gale, and pedestrians who were compelled to face it found that they had to fight to make any headway against the wind while the particles of snow lashed their faces till they stung. To look out doors one could see but a smother of snow, the air being full of the particles drifting about even while the snow was still falling. The storm seemed to be at its worst between 5.30 and 8.30 and after that it began to clear, although the wind still howled and piled the snow in drifts.

Of course the street cars found themselves in trouble Monday afternoon. All the plows were in use, but as quickly as they passed over the track it would fill in again, so that the cars behind could make little progress. They struggled hard however, and by all-night work had open tracks ready for early service Tuesday morning. The steam road too was in difficulties, their trains being seriously off schedule in the evening hours, but they did rather better than could have been expected because the worst of the storm seemed to be right around here.

Steamboat traffic in the bay was completely suspended during the afternoon, although the Fall River Line steamer came down from Fall River and started for New York a little after midnight. The Wickford, Providence and Block Island boats were all storm bound.

During the height of the storm the fire alarm rang for the barrel factory fire and everybody that turned out had a hard time struggling through the snow. Many business men who wished to go home about the usual time were obliged to take hacks and even these had a double-hitch where they were able to go at all. Street cars ran if one waited long enough, but the trip was pretty tedious.

Out in Portsmouth, there was much excitement over two young people who were reported lost in the blizzard and a searching party set out to look for them, the searchers being obliged to tie themselves together with a long rope to prevent getting lost. Two children of Boatswain and Mrs. Robert Rehange, living on the Deacon White farm on the Middle road, were out for several hours, being finally helped into the Ernest Sisson residence where they spent the night. Lily Rehange started first to get some milk from a neighbor and when she did not return her mother sent Albert, 16 years old, to look for her. They met but both lost their way and struggled for a long time before reaching shelter. When they failed to return their mother summoned aid and searchers were out all night looking for them, but it was not until the following morning that they were located.

Tuesday and Wednesday were far from summerlike, and by Thursday there was another storm. This began as a rain that froze about as soon as it touched the ground, making the traveling rather worse than before. The various electric wires were quickly ice covered and began to break with the weight upon them. The electric connection for the trolley cars was very poor because of the ice covered wires and the cars ran somewhat behind their scheduled time. In the afternoon the rain turned to snow again and this really seemed a relief from the sleet. The sleighing is now very good in most places, and will probably be better before it is worse. The ice cutters have been at work on both the Lily pond and Green End but the weather has seriously handicapped them in getting in the crop even though the ice is of good thickness. Practically all outdoor work has been interrupted and the city has been held firmly in the merciless grip of winter.

Hearing on Charter Amendments.

The committee on judiciary of the House of Representatives came to Newport last Monday and gave a public hearing on the proposed amendments to the Newport city charter. There was a large attendance, the hearing being held in the representatives chamber in the old State House. Chairman Arthur P. Sumner presided.

For the advocates of the amendments the Republican city committee presented a letter setting forth the reasons for desiring a change and showing clearly what each proposed amendment would accomplish. The committee also suggested that it would seem desirable, in case the judiciary committee saw fit to recommend the passage of the bill, to incorporate a provision for the referendum to the voters. There was nobody present to speak in favor of the amendments, although Mr. H. W. H. Powl thought some changes would be desirable. Most of the speakers took occasion to abuse everybody who thought the charter lacked something short of perfection.

Judge John C. Burke was the first speaker and when he concluded Representative John B. Sullivan took exception to some of his remarks and replied hotly that there was no combination to push the amendments through the Legislature. He said the Democrats were opposed to the amendments. Other speakers included J. K. Sullivan, P. J. Murphy, Judge Robert M. Franklin, Alexander McLeellan, Rev. William Safford Jones, Alderman Frank J. Hughes, Dr. Charles A. Brackett, H. A. Titus, and Jeremiah A. Sullivan.

Many had expected that Admiral Chudwick would speak against the amendments, but although he was present he did not arise to speak, and Chairman Sumner finally adjourned the hearing after inquiring if there was anything more to be said.

The committee was brought to Newport on a special car of the Newport & Providence Railway, tendered by Representative F. B. Coggeshall, and were the guests at luncheon of Representative Fletcher W. Lawton, a member of the committee.

Hearing on Property Values.

The commissioners appointed by the United States Court to determine the value of the land taken by the Government for a site for the new Postoffice, held a meeting in this city on Monday. The commissioners are: ex-Governor James H. Higgins, General John H. Wetherell, and Mr. Herbert L. Dyer.

Men familiar with real estate values in that section of the city were called to give an estimate of the value of the various properties, to show that the prices asked by some of the owners were too high. Mr. George H. Hudry, Jr., of Providence, presented the Government's case, calling as his first witness Mr. Franklin C. Parsonage. Mr. Parsonage went into the value of each piece of property at much detail and was frequently cross-examined, either by the owner or by his attorney. He was followed by Mr. James T. Kaul, whose figures agreed with those of Mr. Parsonage. Mr. William G. Kerr, contractor and builder, was the last witness of the day, his testimony relating principally to the value of the buildings.

St. Paul's Lodge held its annual ladies night at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, and it was a complete success in every way. An interesting programme by the "Spanish Students," and the Orpheus Quartette, assisted by Miss Gordon as reader, all being from Boston, was followed by dancing. Refreshments were served. There was a very large attendance of members of the Lodge and invited guests. Worshipful Master Charles H. Gesterling headed the committee in charge.

Mr. Andrew J. DeBlois and Miss Ella Openshaw were united in marriage at the rectory of Emmanuel Church on Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Porter. Mr. and Mrs. DeBlois are now on their wedding trip, which will take them as far as New Orleans.

Mrs. William H. Easton died at her home on Powell avenue on Wednesday after a long illness. She was the widow of William H. Easton and a sister of Mr. William H. H. Barker, and Mrs. James A. Goddard. She leaves two step-sons, Messrs. William H. and Arthur H. Easton.

There was a slight fire on the roof of the waiting room at the Torpedo Station on Wednesday, but a stream from the Wave quickly extinguished it.

The Newport naval stations are provided for in the naval appropriation bill now before Congress.

Recent Deaths.

Andrew Bryer.

Mr. Andrew Bryer, at one time one of the best known business men in Newport, died at his home on Broadway Tuesday afternoon, after having been in very poor health for several years. Some months ago he submitted to an operation which relieved him for a short time, but his sufferings had been very severe in the last few weeks and death came to him as a welcome relief.

Mr. Bryer was born in Newport in 1835, being one of a family of ten children. His father, Peleg Bryer, was a Newport merchant, and much of Andrew's early boyhood was passed in the store. When he reached manhood he opened his first oyster house on the site of the present Boston Store, and later moved across the street to where the Bryer Exchange now stands. Here he did a large restaurant business, and in a few years tore down the old building and put up a new one. For a number of years he conducted the Bryer Tea House on the East Main road in Middletown, which was a very popular resort for many of the wealthy summer residents. Of late years he had not been engaged in business, but had devoted his time, as long as his health permitted, to the care of his large building on Thames street.

Mr. Bryer married in 1857, Rebecca Knowles Babcock, who died in 1887. He leaves two sons, Mr. Walter B. Bryer of this city and Dr. Russell K. Bryer of New York, and two daughters, Miss Elizabeth H. Bryer of this city and Mrs. Irving H. Gamwell of Pittsfield, Mass. A brother, Mr. Peleg Bryer, and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Lake of Bristol and Mrs. Lydia Mitchell of New York, also survive.

Ray, S. Littlefield.

Mr. Ray S. Littlefield, a former postmaster at Block Island and prominent citizen of that town, died at his residence there on Sunday, after having been in failing health for some time. Mr. Littlefield conducted a prosperous grocery near the center of the island for many years and also ran the Central House, a small but popular summer hotel. He had been retired from all business for some time.

Mr. Littlefield was one of the most popular men on the island when he was in his prime. He was a man of cheery disposition with a pleasant word for everybody, and was known to a host of people from all over New England. His grocery was the meeting place for the men from a large section of the island.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Harry H. Pease of Portland, Maine, and one son, Mr. Harold R. Littlefield of Block Island.

William S. Holt.

Mr. William S. Holt, son of the late William S. and Eliza Maxson Holt, died at his home on Levin street on Friday morning, after a long and painful illness, in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Holt was of a genial disposition, but had mingled little in the community in which he lived since the death of his wife several years ago. He has been under the care of his nephew, Mr. Perry B. Dawley. The funeral will be held on Monday afternoon from the home of Mr. Dawley on Levin street. He is survived by one sister, Mrs. George B. Slocum; three nephews, Dr. Frank H. Holt of the Boston City Hospital, Perry B. and William P. Dawley of Newport; also a niece, Mrs. Frank Langdon of Ipswich, Mass.

Edwin R. Simmons.

Mr. Edwin R. Simmons died very suddenly last Saturday afternoon at the residence of his son, Mr. Christopher J. Simmons on Gibbs avenue. Although he had felt the weight of his advanced age of eighty-six years, he had been able to get about and was a familiar figure in that section of the city.

Mr. Simmons was born in Providence and spent most of his life there, having come to Newport to reside with his son some twenty years ago. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the Eleventh Rhode Island, and was a member of Slocum Post, G. A. R., of Providence.

The remains were taken to Riverside for interment on Tuesday.

Past Commander Charles Boldt of the Spanish War Veterans died at the Naval Hospital on Tuesday after a considerable illness. The funeral services were held on Friday, the remains being escorted to the grave by the full band and a company of apprentice seamen from the Training Station as well as by Camp Thomas.

The General Assembly still finds things rather quiet and little business of importance has been transacted this week. Bills allowing the use of the State Armories in Newport and other places have been passed.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the contract for printing the City Manuals for 1914 was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COURT OF PROBATE. At the Court of Probate held in Middletown, on Monday, February 18 the following estates were passed upon.

Estate of Annie T. Peckham. The first and final account of David B. Peckham, Executor, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. The sixth account of Harriet H. Chaso, Guardian, was examined, verified and passed for record.

Estate of Alice P. Mayer. The petition of Henry Bedlow and Harriet H. Hall Morris, for the appointment of suitable persons to appraise the real estate in this state, late belonging to Alice P. Mayer, was continued to the third Monday of March.

Estate of Samuel F. Harrington. The first and final account of Albert L. Chaso, administrator, was referred to the third Monday in March and notice ordered thereon.

Estate of Eliza A. Spooner. The first and final account of John H. Spooner and Samuel C. Spooner, administrators, was referred to the third Monday of March, and notice of its pendency ordered to be given.

In Town Council. The Newport and Providence Railway Company preferred its petition, to locate and equip an additional switch or turn out, on the West Main Road, opposite the entrance to Brown's Lane.

This petition was continued to the third Monday in March, in order to give opportunity to the public, to be heard in relation to the matter.

The Newport and Fall River Street Railway Company, on its petition, was granted liberty to erect one pole on Mantonville avenue, eight poles on Green End avenue and two on the Boulevard, and to string and maintain wires thereon, under the direction of Lewis R. Manchester.

A communication was received from the Board of Aldermen of the City of Newport, requesting the Town Council of Middletown, to reimburse the City of Newport in the sum of \$593.75, which sum includes \$463.25, one third of the cost of building the bridge over the Creek at Easton's Beach, and \$130.50, the amount paid to the Town of Middletown, in December, towards the expense of constructing the approach on the East side of the bridge. Accompanying the communication is a copy of the opinion of the City Solicitor recently given to the Board of Aldermen, as to the liability of the City of Newport for expense of re-constructing said bridge and its approaches. The opinion sets out that Newport is not legally liable for any of the cost of building the approach on the East side of the bridge.

The communication was referred to the Committee originally appointed to represent Middletown in the reconstruction of said bridge, consisting of Messrs. James H. Barker and Joseph E. Kline.

The following additional Jurors were drawn to serve in the Superior Court: Grand Jurors, Philip B. Case, Elmer B. Sisson, Henry I. Chase and John M. Starveant.

Felty, George Nathan Smith, Daniel M. Chase, Edward M. Petzka, William J. Stewart and Alexander Stewart.

For the March Term of the Superior Court, the following Jurors have been warned to attend: Grand Jurors, Philip B. Case, Felty, Edward W. Wyatt and George Nathan Smith.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: Walter S. Barker for shovelling snow \$16.40; Joseph A. Peckham for shovelling \$16.50; C. Fred White for wiring done at Town Hall \$5.30; Thomas G. Ward, for services as Town Sergeant \$13.50; Arthur A. Brigham, for services as Janitor \$5.00; Nathaniel L. Champin, for work on cellar doors at Town Hall \$18.50; Providence Telephone Company \$6.72; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light \$3.36; William L. Brown, services as Moderator \$27.25; Albert L. Chase, for services and expenses as Town Clerk since April, 1913 \$274.50; Alden P. Barker, Henry C. Sherman, Jr., William S. Coggeshall and Edward E. Peckham services as assessors of Taxes, \$35.00 each \$140.00; William F. Goodwin, State Sealer, Stamps \$2.10; Abram Almy Company, Coal and wood for Town Hall \$23.00; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in Office of Town Clerk \$10.00; Accounts for relief of the Poor \$29.00.

But few were able to reach the Burleigh Memorial Chapel Sunday morning owing to drifts. Rev. John B. Diman conducted a brief service.

Although some of the side roads were not opened fully until Sunday noon, a good sized congregation was present in the afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners to hear President S. W. Irwin of the East Greenwich Academy, who spoke upon "Christian Education." On Sunday next a large attendance of Grangers is expected from the six organizations in the county, an invitation to attend divine service at 2.45 having been extended them by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Wells, who will preach a sermon appropriate to the day, Feb. 22d, and to the Order. There will be special music.

Professor Burt L. Hartwell of Kingston College is to be heard on Thursday evening next, "Upon the Need of Soils." There will be music by the new Grange quartette, Messrs. John H. Peckham, tenor; Robert W. Smith, bass; Mrs. Philip Caswell, soprano, Mrs. John P. Peckham, alto, who will be heard for the first time.

The young people of Aquidneck Grange will present at the town hall Tuesday evening, the 2-act comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," as a public entertainment. This will be followed by dancing, the affair being for the benefit of the Grange. Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, former "coach" for the Ronkonkoma Dramatic Club of this town has been assisting, being chairman of the entertainment committee.

St. Columba's Guild is planning to serve a supper to its members Thursday, following the afternoon business session, and to continue its work in the evening. If the experiment is satisfactory the plan will be continued.

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By
REX BEACH

Author of
"The Spoiler," "The Barrier,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.

Panama Next Stop.

"SAY!" Anthony raised himself excitedly on one arm, but was forced to lie down again without delay. "If this is a ship I must have come aboard. How did I do it? When? Where?"

"You came on with two men, or rather, between two men, about 8:30 this morning. They put you in here, gave you a ticket to the purser and went ashore. The fellow was crying, and one of the deckhands had to help him down the gangway."

"That was Higgins, all right. Now, doctor, granting just for the sake of argument that this is a ship and that I am Jefferson Locke, when is your next stop?"

"One week."

"What?" Kirk's eyes opened wide with horror. "I can't stay here a week."

"You will have to."

"But I tell you I can't—I just can't. I bought a new car the other day, and it's standing in front of the New York theater. Yes, and I have two rooms and a bath at the hotel at \$15 a day."

"The physician smiled heartlessly. 'You must have been drinking pretty heavily, but I guess you will remember everything by and by.'"

"I can't understand it," groaned the bewildered invalid. "What ship is this—if it is really a ship?"

"The Santa Cruz. Belongs to the Consolidated Fruit company. This is one of the bristly suits. It is 11:30 p. m., Nov. 21. We are bound for Colon. Good night. That capsule will make you sleep."

When the officer had gone Kirk turned over and fell asleep. Morning showed him the truth of the doctor's information. He awoke early, and although his head still behaved queerly and he had moments of nausea, he dressed himself and went on deck.

A halfless, oily sea stretched out before his bewildered eyes. He touched the rail with his hands to verify his vision. He felt as if he were walking in his sleep. He realized that a great fragment had suddenly dropped out of his life's pattern.

Although Anthony was a youth of few responsibilities, he awoke suddenly to the fact that there were a thousand things that needed doing, a thousand people who needed to know his whereabouts, a thousand things that were bound to go wrong. For instance, there was his brand new French car, standing with motor blankets beside the Forty-fifth street curb.

What had happened to it and to the urchin he had left in charge of it? He owed \$1,000 on its purchase, which he had promised to pay yesterday. That remittance from his father had come just in the nick of time. Suddenly he recalled placing the check in his bill case, and he searched himself diligently, but found nothing. It was simply imperative that he get some word ashore.

He let his eyes rove over the ship in desperation. Then a happy thought came to him.

"The wireless!" he said aloud. "Bonehead! Why didn't you think of that long ago?" A glance at the rigging showed him that the Santa Cruz was equipped with a plant, and a moment later he was hammering at the operator's door.

"I want to send a message right away!" he cried excitedly. But the "wireless" shook his head with a smile.

"We're installing a new system. The old apparatus wasn't satisfactory, and it's being changed throughout."

"Then you—can't send a message—possibly?"

"Nothing doing until the next trip."

Kirk strode forward and stared disconsolately down upon the freight deck in a vain endeavor to collect his thoughts. He recalled the incidents of that wild night and began to have a disquieting doubt. Did that chance meeting with the chap from St. Louis have anything to do with his presence here, or had he really decided in some foolish, drunken whim to take a trip to Central America? He recollected that Jefferson Locke had not impressed him very favorably at the start.

The sound of a gong, which Kirk interpreted as an invitation to breakfast, reminded him that he was famished, and he lost no time in going below. Upon his appearance the steward made it plain to him in some subtle manner that the occupant of suit A needed nothing beyond the mere possession of those magnificent quarters to insure the most considerate treatment. Kirk was placed at the captain's table, where his hunger was soon appeased, and his outlook grew more cheerful with the complete restoration of bodily comfort.

"Getting your sea legs, Mr. Locke?" inquired the man at his right.

"My name is Anthony."

"I beg your pardon! The passenger list said—"

"That was a mistake."

"My name is Stein. May I ask where you are bound for?"

"I think the place is Panama."

"Going to work on the canal?"

"What canal? Oh, of course! Now I remember hearing something about a Panama canal. Is that where it is?"

"That's the place," Stein replied dryly.

"Oh, I've heard it mentioned."

"Well, you won't hear anything else mentioned down here. It's the one and only subject of conversation. Nobody thinks or talks or dreams about anything except the canal. Everybody works on it or else works for somebody who does. See this fellow coming down the stairs?"

"That's the Cortlandts of Washington. They're swell people, society folks and all that—He broke off to bow effusively to the late comer, who seated himself opposite. Then he introduced Kirk.

"Sure! One of them pitched for the Cubs."

"I mean the Cortlandts of Washington. They're swell people, society folks and all that—He broke off to bow effusively to the late comer, who seated himself opposite. Then he introduced Kirk.

Mr. Cortlandt impressed Anthony as a cold blooded, highly schooled person, absolutely devoid of sentiment. He seemed by no means effeminate, yet he was one of those immaculate beings upon whom one can scarcely imagine a speck of dust or a bead of perspiration.

"By the way, we're getting up a pool on the ship's run," Stein told his new acquaintance. "Would you like to join?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm for anything in the line of chance."

"Very well. I'll see you in the smoking room later. It will cost you only \$5."

Kirk suddenly recalled his financial condition and hastened to say, a trifle lamely:

"Come to think about it, I believe I'll stay out. I never gamble." Changing to glance up at the moment he found Mr. Cortlandt's eyes fixed upon him with a peculiarly amused look and a few minutes later he followed Mr. Stein to the deck above.

Once in his own stateroom search showed Kirk that even his watch was gone and that his only asset, evidently overlooked by the dilatory Higgins and his co-partner in crime, was a modest three stone finger ring. He had neither baggage nor money. He was regarding his rug speculatively when the purser knocked, then entered at his call.

"I've just heard that there's a mistake about your ticket," the newcomer began. "It is made out to Mr. Jefferson Locke, but the doctor says you insist your name is something else."

"That's right. My name is Anthony."

"Then how did I get this ticket?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Have you any baggage?"

"I don't know."

"What is your destination?"

"I don't know. You'll pardon my limited vocabulary?"

"But I don't understand."

"Neither do I. But I must have some luggage. I need a clean shirt and collar."

"If you are not Mr. Locke the ticket is no good."

"Hurry! Put me off."

"You don't understand—the ticket is good, but—"

"Pardon the personal nature of the question—but what size shirt do you want?"

"Seventeen."

"Saved! Let me have about six, will you?"

"Certainly not," returned the other. "I need all I have. I'll have a look for your baggage, Mr.—Anthony, and I'll see the captain about this ticket also. I'll look you up later."

He departed, shaking his head as if this were a form of insanity he had never before encountered. A moment later Kirk followed him and made a round of the deck, staring at each man he met and mentally estimating the grith of his neck. Then he made his way toward the smoking room, determined to enlist the help of his new acquaintance, Stein.

Midway up he paused. A girl had emerged from the deckhouse ahead of him, whose appearance was sufficiently striking to divert him, momentarily at least, from his quest. She was well above the usual height, quite slender, yet of an exquisite rounded fullness, while her snug fitting tailor made gown showed the marks of taste. Kirk let his eyes follow her, then retraced his way around the deck in the hope of meeting her face to face.

But when they had met and passed he went his way vaguely disappointed. Instead of a girl, as the first sight of her youthful figure had led him to expect, he had seen a woman of perhaps forty. She was certainly not so handsome as he had imagined from a distance. Yet the face was attractive. The eyes were wide set, gray and very clear, the mouth large enough to be expressive. Her hair shone in the morning sun with a delicate bronze luster like that of a turkey's wing.

He dismissed her from his thoughts and continued his search for a number seventeen shirt and collar to watch. But he did not fare well. He found Mr. Stein in the smoking room, but discovered that his size was fifteen and a half, and there was no one else to whom he could apply.

For a second time Stein importuned him to buy a chance on the ship's run, and, falling in this, suggested that they have a drink together. Had not Kirk realized in time his inability to reciprocate he would have accepted eagerly, for his recent dissipation had left him curiously weak and nervous. At the east of an effort, however, he refused.

Stein laughed. "Don't get sore. All ships are alike. We have to talk about something. Sorry I can't help you with the shirt question. Picked careless of them to lose your luggage?"

"Yes. It makes one feel about as comfortable as a man with a broken arm and the prickly heat. Something's got to be done about it, that's all." He glared enviously at the well dressed man about the room.

Over in a corner, propped against the leather upholstery, was Mr. Cortlandt, as pale as reserved and as satirical as at breakfast. He was sipping Scotch and soda, and in all the time that Anthony remained he did not

speak to a soul save the waiter, did not shift his position save to beckon for another drink. Something about his sour, introspective aloofness displeased the onlooker, who shortly returned to the deck.

The day was warming up, and on the sunny side of the ship the steamer chairs were filling. Two old men were casting quills; a noisy quartet was playing shuffleboard. After idling back and forth on deck for a time Kirk selected a chair and stretched himself out.

"Do you wish this chair for the voyage, sir?" asked the deck steward.

"Yes, I think so."

"I'll put your name on it."

"Anthony," said a third floor front.

"Very well, sir." The man wrote out a card and fitted it to the back of the chair, saying, "One dollar, if you please."

"I haven't got a dollar."

The steward laughed, as if to humor his passenger. "I'm afraid, then, you can't have the chair."

"So I must stand up all the way to Panama, eh?"

"You are joking, sir. I'll have to pay it myself if you don't."

"That's right. Make me as uncomfortable as possible. By the way, what size collar do you want?"

"Sixteen."

Kirk sighed. "Send the purser to me, will you? I'll fix up the chair matter with him."

While he was talking he heard the rustle of skirts close by and saw the woman he had met earlier seating herself next to him. It annoyed the young man to realize that out of all the chairs on deck he had selected the one nearest hers.

Then the purser appeared. "Did you send for me?" he inquired.

"Yes. There was a strange man around just now, and he wanted a dollar for this chair."

"Well?"

"I want to establish a line of credit."

The purser grinned.

"And, say?" Kirk ran on seriously. "I've been all over your little ship, but the passengers are boys' size. I can't wear this collar any longer."

"And I can't find any baggage of yours. I've seen the captain about that ticket matter," he went on, "and he says you must buy another. If you are joking you've carried this thing far enough. If you are really strapped, as you say you are, how does it happen that you are occupying the best seat on the ship?"

"It is a long story."

"Humph! You will have to give up those quarters and go forward."

"Why? You have your money for that ticket?"

"Yes, but you're not Mr. Locke."

"Well, sir, now that I come to think it over, I believe my name is Locke, after all. He grinned. "Anyhow, I love my little room, and I think I'll keep it. Please don't be peevish. I want you to do me a favor."

He removed the ring from his finger and, handing it to the purser, said: "I want you to get me two diamonds and a ruby's worth of shirts and collars and also a safety razor."

The officer managed to say, with dignity: "You wish to raise money on this, I presume. Very well, I will see what can be done for you, Mr. Locke."

CHAPTER IV.

New Acquaintances.

AS he turned away Kirk became conscious that the woman in the next chair had let her book fall and was watching him with amused curiosity. Feeling a sudden desire to confide in some one, he turned his eyes upon her with such a natural, boyish smile that she could not take offense and began quite as if he had known her for some time.

"These people are money and aren't they? Worst bunch of gold diggers I ever saw." Surprised, she half raised her book, but Kirk ran on: "I hope you don't mind my speaking to you. I'm awfully homesick. My name is Anthony, Kirk Anthony."

Her face showed that the name carried no significance.

"I understood you to tell the purser your name was Locke," said she in a very low pitched, well modulated voice. "I couldn't help overhearing."

"But it isn't really," he said. "I'm the undignified heir to the stocks and bonds of an old party by that name who lives in Albany."

"Darwin K. Anthony?" questioned she quickly. "Is he your father?" Her face lighted with a dash of genuine interest.

Kirk nodded.

"It's funny, isn't it, with all his credit that I can't get a suit until I put up a diamond ring?"

"You are joking, are you not?"

"No, indeed. I didn't intend to take this trip. I didn't even know I had sailed. When I woke up I thought this was a hotel. I've got no more baggage than a robin."

"Really? How did it happen?"

"Well, to be perfectly honest, I got drunk—just plain drunk. I didn't think so at the time, understand, for I'd never been the least bit that way before. Hope I don't shock you."

His new acquaintance shrugged her shoulders. "I have seen something of the world. I'm not easily shocked."

"Well, I was perfectly sober the last I remember, and then I woke up on the Santa Cruz. You see, it was a big night—football game, supper and all that. I remember everything up to a certain point, then—curtain! I was 'out' for twelve hours and sick. That's the funny part; I'm still sick. What I can't understand is this: It took all my money to pay for the supper, and yet I wake up with a first class ticket to Panama and in possession of one of the best seats on the ship. It's a problem play."

One day when Kirk had begun to feel that his acquaintance with Mrs. Cortlandt was well established he said to her:

"Stein told me today that your husband is in the diplomatic service."

"Yes," said she. "He was consul general to Colombia several years ago, and since then he has been to France and to Germany."

"Are you diplomatic now?"

"In a way. We shall be in Panama for some time. Colonel Jolson will be interested in you."

"I don't see the point."

"Your father is one of the most powerful and aggressive railroad men in the country. Perhaps you know something about the railroad opposition to the canal?"

Kirk smiled. "Well, to tell you the truth," said he, "the governor doesn't consult me about his business as much as he ought to. He seems to think he



"Is he your father?"

was Locke. That's how I got his name. This is his ticket. Oh! There's going to be something doing when I get back."

"You did not impress me as a college student," said the stranger.

"I'm not. I graduated four years ago. I barely made it, but I did get through."

"And you have never been to the tropics?"

"Not since I had my last row with the governor. Have you?"

"Many times. It will prove an interesting trip for you. At least you have that consolation."

"What is it like?"

Evidently the artless effrontery of the young man had not offended, for his neighbor talked freely, and in a short time the two were conversing as easily as old acquaintances.

When at last she rose, after an hour that had swiftly sped, she was gratified at the look of concern that came into his eyes. She looked at him with genuine approval as he bowed and said:

"Thank you for the pointers about Panama. I hope I may have the pleasure of talking to you again."

When she had disappeared he murmured admiringly:

"Joyce! She's a corker! And she's not so old, after all. I wonder who she is?" He leaned over and read the card on the back of her steamer chair.

"Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt, Suite B." It was lettered. Straightening up, he grumbled with genuine disappointment: "Just my blamed luck! She's married."

By pleading his one article of jewelry Kirk became possessed that afternoon of several shirts, collars and handkerchiefs, likewise a razor, over which he exercised a sort of leasehold privilege. The purser made it plain, however, that he had not sold these articles, but merely loaned them, holding the ring as security for their return, and this arrangement allowed Kirk no spare cash whatever. Even with all his necessities paid for, it surprised him to find how many channels remained for spending money. He suffered most, perhaps, from the lack of tobacco, but even in the matter of cigarettes he could not bring himself to accept favors that he could not return.

Kirk was of a peculiarly sanguine temperament that required much to ruffle and looked upon the whole matter as a huge joke. It was this perhaps that enabled him to make friends in spite of his unsocial habits, for the men liked him. As for the women, he aroused them religiously, with the exception of Mrs. Cortlandt, whom he saw for an hour or two morning and afternoon as well as at meal times. With her he got on famously, finding her nearly as entertaining as a rattle chain, though he never quite lost his dislike for her husband. Had she been unmarried and nearer his own age their daily intimacy might have caused him to become self-conscious, but under the circumstances no such thoughts occurred to him, and he began to look forward with pleasure to their hours on deck.

The Santa Cruz was four days out before Cortlandt joined them, and when he did he merely nodded casually to Kirk, then, after exchanging a polite word or two with his wife, lapsed into his customary silence, while Mrs. Cortlandt continued her conversation without a second glance in her husband's direction.

The man evidently possessed a wide knowledge of current events, a keen understanding of men and things, yet he never opened up. He listened, spoke rarely and continued to spend nine-tenths of his time in that isolated corner of the smoking room, with no other company than a long glass and a siphon.

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"In a way. We shall be in Panama for some time. Colonel Jolson will be interested in you."

"I don't see the point."

"Your father is one of the most powerful and aggressive railroad men in the country. Perhaps you know something about the railroad opposition to the canal?"

Kirk smiled. "Well, to tell you the truth," said he, "the governor doesn't consult me about his business as much as he ought to. He seems to think he

can run it all right without me, and you're only been speaking over the telephone lately."

"One of the strongest forces the government had to combat in putting through the canal appropriations was the railroads. Colonel Jolson has no reason to love your father."

"By the way, when are you going into business with him?"

"Oh, not for a long time. You see, work doesn't really appeal to me, anyway. I suppose if I had to hustle I could, but what's the use?"

Mrs. Cortlandt let her eyes dwell upon him curiously for a moment. Then she said:

"Have you no ambition? Is there no—girl, for instance? Have you never been in love?"

"Oh, see here, now!" Anthony blushed in a manner to excite the envy of any woman. "I don't like 'em. I'd rather play football."

"You lack ambition. If you should meet the right woman"—Then, seeing the amusement in his face: "Believe me, I know what I am talking about. I know what a woman can do. Your life has been too easy and placid. You need some disturbing element to make it ferment."

The Santa Cruz was now rapidly drawing out of the cold northern winter and into a tropic warmth. The nights were perfect, the days divine. The passengers responded as if to a magic draft, and Kirk acknowledged to a reluctant enjoyment of the change and found himself less eager to go back.

Mrs. Cortlandt joined him as usual on deck after dinner, and they did a little around the promenade, chatting idly of many things. The evening was too glorious to permit of early retiring, and a late hour found them leaning over the rail, side by side, while Anthony bewailed the fact that he knew nothing of the country just beyond the dark horizon ahead of them. They talked about the canal.

"It is a big task, Mr. Anthony, and the mere digging of the ditch is the smallest part. There is a great deal more to be done. You see, as men attain culture, they require more than mere food and drink and bedding, and in the same way, as nations attain to greatness, they require more than mere territory—they reach out and absorb power and prestige. Our decision to build the Panama canal is like the landing of another Columbus; the conquest is to follow. After that will come—who knows what? Perhaps more wars, more pillage, more injustice, just as in the old days of Central and South America."

"You talk like a man," Anthony said admiringly. "I had no idea you looked at things in such a big way."

Mrs. Cortlandt hesitated slightly as she changed the subject. "I heard you tell the purser the other day about your financial troubles, and it occurred to me that Mr. Cortlandt might assist you."

"Thanks, awfully," Kirk hastened to say, feeling himself flush uncomfortably. "But I shan't need anything. The old gentleman will wire me whatever I ask for. Does—Mr. Cortlandt know how I am fixed?"

"No."

"Please don't tell him. I—I'm a little bit ashamed of myself."

Mr. Cortlandt was awaiting his wife and rose courteously as she entered their suite.

"Did you send Annette for me?" she inquired.

"Yes. I thought you had forgotten the hour. We rise at 8."

"My dear," she returned coolly, "I was quite aware of the time. I was talking to Mr. Anthony."

"By the way, some of the passengers are remarking about your friendship for him."

Mrs. Cortlandt shrugged. "I expect that. Does it interest you?"

The man favored her with his wintry smile. "Not at all."

"If he should need assistance while in Panama I should be obliged if you would accommodate him."

"Don't you think that is going a bit too far? You know I don't fancy him."

Mrs. Cortlandt frowned slightly. "We won't discuss it," she said. "I assured him he was at liberty to call on us for anything, and naturally that ends the matter."

"Naturally," he agreed, but his colorless cheeks flushed dully.

When Kirk came on deck early the following morning he found the Santa Cruz nosing her way into Colon harbor. A land fog obscured his view somewhat, but through it he beheld a low, irregular line of mountains in the background and close at hand a town. The ship came to anchor abreast of a point upon which he described a squat little spider legged lighthouse and long rows of frame dwellings half hidden behind slender palm trees. Beyond were warehouses and docks and the funnels of many ships. On either side of the bay was a dense tropical wilderness. "Will you go over to Panama city or will you stay in Colon?" asked Cortlandt.

"I think I'll remain on the ship. Then she can't get away without me."

Kirk answered. But when he explained his desire to the purser that worthy replied:

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to arrange that with the agent. We make a charge, you know, just like a hotel."

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Established by Franklin in 1733.

The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, February 21, 1914.

The ground hog prophecy proved a true one this time. Since February 2 there has been more winter than we have had altogether in the last ten years.

Who says the ground hog did not know his business? He came out, saw his shadow and went back disgusted. The rest of us have been that way ever since—with the weather.

The Kentucky legislator who would by statute stop boys flirting with girls evidently never heard of Dame Partridge's attempt to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom, says an Exchange.

Massachusetts is a little short on holidays so now she proposes to add January 1st to the list. By a vote of 133 to 76 the Massachusetts house passed the bill making January 1 a legal holiday. That day has long been a legal holiday in most of the States.

Our General Assembly believes in the motto, "Make haste slowly." One half of the session is gone and as yet there is very little on the credit side of the ledger. Still sometimes good work is done in holding down bad legislation. There is plenty of the bad in the hands of the committees.

The snow storms of the past week have covered the United States from Maine to Montana, from the Canadian borders to wall into Tennessee and the Carolinas, with a blanket from six inches to three feet in depth. The farmers of the country are rejoicing at this for they claim that a good blanket of snow is a good fertilizer.

It is estimated there are 350,000 unemployed in New York City. Investigation is in process by federal industrial commission appointed by President Wilson to determine whether federal government should take action to relieve this condition. This does not look much like the good times we read so much about in the Wilson free trade paper.

Representative John B. Sullivan and former Senator P. J. Murphy appeared to be quite happy Tuesday morning after the hearing on the charter amendments. A large number of prominent and well-meaning citizens, whose natural affiliations should be with the Republican party, had given much aid and comfort to those of the opposite political faith, and had helped to keep them in power in a strongly Republican city.

The Democratic national platform adopted at Baltimore and upon which Woodrow Wilson was elected President, says: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." Therefore the President has made great ado about keeping faith with the platform. Now he says that spirit is no good. Evidently Democratic platforms are made to be kept only when they coincide with the wishes of the President.

Once more the Providence Journal, in behalf of the people of Providence, is asking the State to help Providence. A short time ago the famous Fabre line, bringing only immigrants, declined to come to Providence any longer unless better facilities for docking were provided. Immediately an appeal was sent up from Providence for the State to build a wharf for them. The State built it. Now the line declines to bring any more immigrants to Providence unless a quarantine station is provided. At once the Providence Journal sounds the tocsin for the State to do it. Or in the language of the Journal head lines "Help sought from the State." They tell us there any good reason why the State should provide food for the people of Providence and then spoon it out to them. If Newport should ask the State to build a wharf for her, and then provide buildings on it to house those who had to wait there, does any one suppose for a moment that the State would do it? Newport is in the habit of taking care of herself. If she needs any thing she gets it and pays for it herself.

The leading Democratic organ in this State, the Providence Journal, thus heads its article on the report of a Democratic Commission: "Democrats call industrial report political error." It further goes on to say: "Criticism was widespread among officials of the Administration and Democratic Senators and Representatives over the Federal Industrial Commission's statement Sunday night that hundreds of thousands of men who were willing to work could not find employment. The Republican and Progressive parties charge that great distress prevails throughout the country and that men have been thrown out of work through the new tariff law."

In other words a Democratic Commission told the truth and the leaders of the party are shocked thereat. There is no doubt but that hundreds of thousands of people are out of employment. Neither is there any doubt but that tariff legislation and the attitude of the party in power towards business generally has been and is the cause of it. It is fortunate that one portion of the federal authority will admit it even if it shocks Wilson, Bryan and Co.

NEWPORT HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST.

Snappy Items of Local Interest Taken from the Files of the Newport Mercury of One Hundred, Fifty and Twenty-five Years Ago.

One Hundred Thirty-one Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, April 14, 1783.]

At the annual town meeting held here last Wednesday, the following gentlemen were chosen to represent this town in the General Assembly: William Taggart, Esq., Col. John Topham, Mr. Nicholas P. Tillinghast, Mr. Robert Stevens, Mr. William Tripp, and Mr. Nicholas Taylor.

Advertisement: Town Council, Newport, April 7, 1783.

Assize of bread until further orders: Flour at 30 s. per cwt. 16 penny loaf to weigh 4 lb. 8 oz.; 8 penny ditto, 2 lb. 4 oz.; 4 penny ditto, 1 lb. 2 oz. Two copper biscuits, 6 oz. By order of Council. Witness: P. Barker, Jun., Council Clerk.

Advertisement: The Subscriber takes this Method to Inform those who may need his Assistance as a Bonesetter that he hath removed from North Kingstown to South Kingstown, about Six Miles from Franklin's Ferry, at a Place called Sugar-Loaf-Hill, near to Hallow's Tavern. He shatters himself that his Performances in the bonesetting Art justify him to claim, without Ostentation, an equal Rank with any One of his Profession in America.

JOHN SWEET.

April 14, 1783.

Advertisement: A Morning School for Young Ladies will be opened by William Coggeshall on Monday, April 21, 1783, beginning at 9 and ending at half after Eight o'clock, where will be taught Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc. His flatter himself, if good encouragement is given, he shall give general satisfaction.

Advertisement: Whereas, in the Newport Mercury of the 16th of March last, I caused to be inserted an Advertisement, signed with my name, containing suggestions highly reflecting on the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for the County of Washington, and tending to bring the same Court into contempt, I do hereby declare the said suggestions to be without the least foundations, and do humbly ask pardon of said Court and the Public for the same.

BENJAMIN WEEDEN.

South Kingstown, April 9, 1783.

N. B. The reason of my publishing what was in the Paper concerning the Court was by a wrong information delivered to me by sundry gentlemen through mistake.

Forty Years Ago

[From Newport Mercury, Feb. 20, 1844.]

Major John J. Gould arrived home last Wednesday with about seventy-five veterans of the First R. I. Cavalry who have re-enlisted. Although he ranks but Captain, we speak of him as Major Gould, for he was appointed to that office some months ago, and has been acting as such with the New Hampshire Battalion, although never having been mustered into the service as Major. We understand that it is the intention of His Excellency the Governor to recruit the remaining Battalion of the First Cavalry to a regiment.

A large square of glass in one of the front windows of Mr. Gorton Anderson's store was broken Tuesday night about 12 o'clock by some person who probably anticipated making a valuable haul of rare coins. The thief took several pieces of coin but as he should have anticipated got shaved, for what appeared to be gold and silver was but brass and lead. So much for trying to rob a barber.

The price of printing paper is now twenty cents per pound, which before the Rebellion was eight and nine cents.

During the tremendous blow of Wednesday evening the cry of fire was raised which proceeded from the residence of Commodore William Edgar on Beach road. As it was caused by spot in the chimney there was no necessity for the firemen who were on hand in a very short time after the alarm was given.

The growing scarcity of tenements is becoming a subject which large numbers of our citizens are considering, but none seem disposed to move in a manner to relieve the pressure. A few years ago, when our population was ten or twelve thousand, there was but little return to the owner of a tenement house, as the number exceeded the demand and the rents were low. Now our population is about fifteen thousand and everything affording a tenement is taken up, some families who would prefer more room are confined to two rooms, and feel themselves fortunate to secure even that if it is in good order. Better tenements are held by persons who have to submit to such prices as the owners of the property demand and such demands pay at the rate of about fourteen per cent. on the valuation. Such is the state of affairs now and such should be an incentive for an increase of tenements, as it furnishes good investment for capital and there is no probability of a surplus, even should fifty houses be built during the present year, for everything indicates an increase rather than a decrease of population.

The government transport Virginia arrived in our harbor Thursday afternoon with two hundred veterans of the 25th regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, who were taken to Boston by railroad yesterday morning. This regiment returns with 500 men for thirty days furlough.

Small pox is not yet entirely eradicated from our city, there being yet four cases. One is on Dearborn street, at the house of Mr. Sleeper, and three at the Marine Hospital brought by vessels from Portland, Maine.

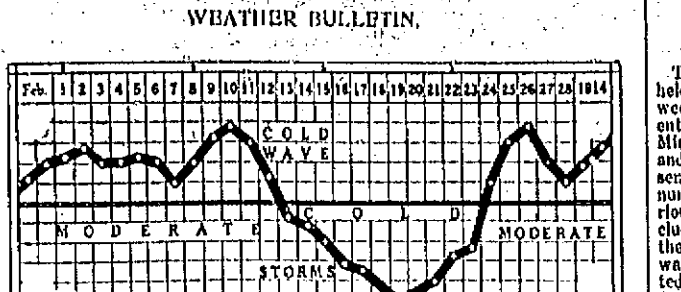
Twenty-five Years Ago.

[From Newport Mercury, Feb. 28, 1889.]

THE GRAND ARMY FAIR.

The fair and bazaar to be given under the auspices of Charles E. Lawton Post for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors' monument fund will open at Mason's Temple next Tuesday evening. Following are the superintendents of the various departments of the fair:

Reduction in wages in the great steel mills around Pittsburgh is now going on. The cut ranges from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. and the hours of work are likewise shortened. The laboring men in that section of the country must love Wilson's free trade ideas.



THE CRAFTSMEN'S BAL MASQUE.

The Opera House Thursday night was the scene of one of the best of all entertainments, so rare in Newport, a masquerade ball, and a grand affair. The hall had been elaborately decorated and the thickly populated galleries overlooked a scene which for brilliancy and gaily has never been surpassed in Newport. Fully seventy-five couples occupied the floor, dressed in all the varied styles and colorings known to the ingenious costumier, and each figure presented a different picture like the colored glass in a kaleidoscope.

Hundreds of programmes called for twenty dances, and after nine of these had been gone through with an adjournment was made to the old Boston Store where caterer Hudson provided a most excellent menu.

The whole affair was a grand success from beginning to end, for which no little credit is due the following members of the Craftsmen's Club under whose auspices the ball was given:

Floor director—W. F. Spangler.

Assistant floor directors—W. H. Sampson, George W. Flagg, J. H. Comstock.

Aids—J. W. Sampson, William Carr, W. H. Lee, W. W. Marvel, W. J. Huntington, W. Hale Sherman, P. S. Knoll, W. C. Goffo.

Executive committee—W. J. Huntington, president; G. E. Vernon, Jr., secretary; J. A. Comstock, treasurer; W. F. Spangler, G. W. Flagg, J. P. Sampson, W. W. Sampson, W. H. Westcott.

Reception committee—W. J. Huntington, O. G. Langley, L. G. Hunt, Thomas Burlington, P. King, W. F. Williamson, W. W. Walcott, Thomas Sharpe, P. G. Walters, Joseph Haire, A. T. Wood.

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

A new lodge of beneficial order was formed in this city on Thursday night, known as Ocean Lodge, No. 7, A. O. U. W. The following are the officers:

Past Master Workman—George H. Popple.

Master Workman—Charles E. Harvey.

Foreman—William O. Milne.

Overseer—Joshua B. Bacheller.

Recorder—Frank W. Merrill.

Receiver—Frank King.

Guide—Henry J. Jones.

Inside Watchman—Herbert L. Sweet.

Outside Watchman—Geo. W. Ritchie.

Medical Examiners—Henry Eerooy.

Trustees—Joseph C. Coggeshall, Geo. A. Pritchard, Christopher Simmons.

William Clarence Peckham, surveyor of road district No. 4, presented his account with the amount of road tax, apportioned to his district in May, 1888, which was examined and ordered on file and the resignation of said Peckham was accepted, whereupon Edward J. Peckham was elected surveyor of said district for the remainder of the municipal year. It is given out that Mr. W. Clarence Peckham has taken out an agency to sell the "Western" Reversible Road Machine, and will at once begin to travel and solicit orders for the machine.

Wilson and the Mexican Rebel.

[From Boston Truth.]

That eminent humanitarian and philanthropist, "General" Pancho Villa, twelve months ago a fugitive from Mexican justice for a score of abominable crimes, and today the leader of an army of patriots, too proud to work when cakes and ale can be had for the taking, has just pronounced President Woodrow Wilson the greatest American of this or any other age. This is praise indeed and comes from a hero whose word no man in northern Mexico would question, unless he was immediately active in putting the Rio Grande between himself and General Pancho.

Pancho Villa has been actively engaged in murder, loot and destruction for a year; he has practically destroyed all industry in his sphere of bloody activity; he has confiscated flocks and herds, plundered banks, captured millionaires and tortured them for ransom; he has wiped out villages; he has turned thriving American colonies into silent deserts; and the only things that have escaped his triumphant career of brigandage have been the embargo on arms and ammunition and the neglect of Mr. Wilson to recognize his mild and tolerant rule.

Our watchful and waiting President has just lifted the embargo on arms and Pancho is correspondingly grateful and trumpets the praises of the great man. Unless Pancho is removed hurriedly in bed or battle, he can hope with the timely and thoughtful assistance thus given him by the administration to give a few more Mexican states to the silence of death and the solitude of the desert, and thus vindicate the glorious principles of free government and international morality. When the peace that reigned in Warsaw is over all northern Mexico, when the coyote calls in a thousand ruined towns, and the buzzards have picked clean the bones of hapless men, women and children done to death by the Villa and his army of savages, it ought to be a great source of gratification for the unwavering apostle of free and popular rule, to look across the border into the silent wastes of a once thriving land and be able to say, "All this peace, all this stillness is my work. I knew that were my policies given a full trial, quiet and order would reign in Mexico."

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1700 LOOSE-LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Lodgers.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC, FEBRUARY, 1914

	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
21 Sat	8 31	5 23	5 33	5 09	5 32	5 34	5 36
22 Sun	6 32	5 24	5 34	5 10	5 33	5 35	5 37
23 Mon	6 33	5 25	5 35	5 11	5 34	5 36	5 38
24 Tues	6 34	5 26	5 36	5 12	5 35	5 37	5 39
25 Wed	6 35	5 27	5 37	5 13	5 36	5 38	5 40
26 Thurs	6 36	5 28	5 38	5 14	5 37	5 39	5 41
27 Fri	6 37	5 29	5 39	5 15	5 38	5 40	5 42
28 Sat	6 38	5 30	5 40	5 16	5 39	5 41	5 43
29 Sun	6 39	5 31	5 41	5 17	5 40	5 42	5 44
30 Mon	6 40	5 32	5 42	5 18	5 41	5 43	5 45
31 Tues	6 41	5 33	5 43	5 19	5 42	5 44	5 46

Moon's 1st qt. Feb. 5 34m, Morning
Full Moon, Feb. 10 12 5m, Evening
Moon's last qt. Feb. 17 4 23m, Morning
New Moon, Feb. 24 1 34m, Evening

Marriages.

In this city, 18th inst., John, infant son of Frederick W. and Margaret Schroeder.

At the Naval Hospital, 17th inst., Charles B. Smith, Chief Steward at Arms, U. S. N., retired, aged 67 years.

At rest, Feb. 17, in this city, Andrew Bryer, in the 79th year of his age.

In this city, 17th inst., infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Peckham.

In this city, 18th inst., Alice J. A., daughter of George W. and Miriam S. O'Neil, aged 2 years, 21 days.

In this city, 18th inst., Rebecca F., widow of William H. Easton, in her 82d year.

In Stamford, Conn., Feb. 15, Mrs. Phelps, wife of Rev. Isaac Newton Phelps, formerly of Newport.

In Portsmouth, 17th inst., Robert Scott, in his 88th year.

At River road Hill, L. I., 17th inst., Eliza M., widow of L. Henry Newton.

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WEDDING INVITATIONS OR ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE MEETING OF THE OLYMPIAN CLUB

was held with Miss Lizzie A. Chase, last week with a good attendance. A "Valentine Social" had been arranged by Miss Chase and Mrs. Edward Thurston, and an entertaining program was presented including many novelties. The numerous prizes were valentines of various kinds. The house decorations included various designs appropriate to the day. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent. The meeting will be omitted this week but will be held on Feb. 27 with the president, Mrs. Kate Bailey. The subject will be "The Theatre, Its Influence for good or evil," which will be presented by Mrs. Clara E. Dennis.

The heavy storms of Saturday and Monday made especially bad work in the cross roads. The turf free delivery carriers made one trip only on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday. Portions of their routes could not be covered even on Wednesday and they were obliged to make up deliveries and to go over some ground twice. A large force of men worked all day Tuesday and Wednesday clearing the principal roads. Although the general depth on a level was 8 and 10 inches, some drifts were reported 3 feet deep. The week was especially filled with social events some of which had to be postponed.

No meeting was held on Tuesday of the Newport County Pomona Grange. Three members from Middletown reached Stone Bridge at the usual hour of the meeting and were notified by the policeman at the waiting room that the meeting had been given up on account of the weather. The March meeting will be held at Tiverton, Nonquit Grange entertaining Pomona at their hall and serving dinner.

The monthly meeting of the Public School Committee was postponed from Tuesday evening until the roads are in better condition. They are quite unsafe after dark with the present accumulation of snow. For this reason the supper and social to have been given Wednesday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Ladies' Aid, was given up.

On Saturday morning during the heavy blow and storm, the eastern upper section of the barn owned by Mr. Frank Lewis on Green End avenue, was torn off by the wind and about half of the roof on that end also. The loft of hay was exposed to the weather for several days being only partially protected by a covering of salt cloth. The structure is about 60 or more years old and Mr. Lewis does not propose to repair it but will put up a new barn, storing his hay and implements meantime, in a barn across the road.

Mabel, the second daughter of Worthing State Grange Master, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, has been quite ill the past 10 days and is still not wholly out of danger. Complications have followed an attack of the measles.

PORTSMOUTH.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

Mr. Robert Scott had a shock on Tuesday afternoon and died the same evening. Mr. Scott was 55 years old and although he was up and about, had not enjoyed good health for some time. His death, however, was very sudden. He had been a slave in Virginia and at the close of the war came north and settled in Portsmouth. He is survived by a widow. Mr. Scott was a member of the Friends' Church and attended there regularly as long as his health permitted.

The Ladies Association of St. Paul's Church gave a supper at the Guild House on Tuesday evening which was well attended, in spite of the hard travelling. The supper consisted of scalloped quahogs, sliced ham, rolls, pickles, cake and coffee. The committee of arrangements was Miss Grace Hicks, Mrs. William B. Anthony and Mrs. George I. Anthony. The waiters were Mrs. Ernest Fish, Mrs. Frank W. Wheeler, Mrs. Frank Tallman, Miss Nellie Hicks, Miss Clara Anthony and Mrs. Arthur C. Chase. Mrs. D. Frank Hall poured tea and coffee. Mrs. John L. Borden, Mrs. Benjamin Tallman and Mrs. David B. Anthony were at the cake table, and Mrs. Benjamin G. Sherman at the apron table. The tables were prettily decorated with yellow crepe paper and daffodils. Mrs. Oliver C. Hicks having charge of the decorations.

Carrie Pierce, wife of Jonathan T. Brownell, died at her home early Tuesday morning. She had been struggling for some time, and last week told cold which settled on her lungs, causing pleurisy. She was in her thirty-second year, and leaves her husband, four children, Stanton aged 14, Gladys, 12; Bernice, 10; and Clifton 6 years of age. She is also survived by her father Benjamin Pierce, a brother Oliver G. Pierce and a sister Mrs. DeForest Macomber, the latter two living in Newport.

Several business men from this town attended the meeting of the creditors of the Peckham-Bailey Company in Fall River on Monday. They left Fall River at 4.50 P. M. to return to their homes, but on account of the storm did not reach home until 10 o'clock. Some of those who lived long distances from the car line did not attempt to go all the way, but spent the night with friends on the car line.

The Democratic party, through its leaders everywhere, is doing all it can to injure business. Gov. Walsh of Massachusetts now comes forward and says he expects the Boston & Maine railroad system to go to smash in a few months. He is evidently aiding that expectation to the best of his ability. It is a disgrace to all concerned the way the Boston & Maine, and the New Haven railroad systems have been treated by the Democratic magistrates in New England and in Washington, the yellow press, and the slyster lawyers. This treatment has robbed widows and orphans, who are holders of the stock of these roads, of many millions of dollars.

About seven thousand of the 1500 national banks in this country have signified their intention of joining the new Currency reserve system. Many of them go in not because they want to but because they know they must or else go out of business.

The committee of 25 had a full session on Wednesday evening and went over the budget for the first time. Reports of sub-committees were received and a tentative budget was compiled but it will probably have to be revised to bring it down to near the amounts of previous years.

FIVE DEAD IN WRECK OF BARK

Three Frozen Bodies Left In Rigging of the Castagna

LIFE-SAVERS RESCUE EIGHT

Vessel Strikes on Outer Bar of Cape Cod During Snowstorm and Sixty-Mile Gale—Bummed Sailors Unable to Handle Breches Buoy Tackle Shot Across Deck

Captain Garva and four sailors perished when the Italian bark Castagna struck on the outer bar of Cape Cod, a mile and a half south of the Cape Cod Light, during a snowstorm and sixty-mile gale. The bark was carrying a cargo of phosphate rock and was bound for Boston. The vessel was struck on the outer bar of Cape Cod during a snowstorm and sixty-mile gale. The vessel was struck on the outer bar of Cape Cod during a snowstorm and sixty-mile gale.

The combined life saving crews from the Nauset and Chatham's Hollow stations set up their beach gun and shot three lines across the Castagna's deck, but the sailors were so dumbed by the cold that they were unable to handle the breeches buoy tackle.

The gale had moderated to thirty miles an hour, but the surf was so high that the life savers had to wait some time before they were able to launch their surfboat and pull out to the wreck against wind, sea and biting cold.

The frost-bitten seamen were hurried to warm quarters in the Marconi radio station, where the operators assisted in caring for the almost helpless survivors. The women at the station had hot coffee and food waiting for them when they arrived.

None of the mariners except the mate could speak English, but all evidenced their gratitude for the attention shown them by the life savers and the Marconi force.

Captain Tobin of the Chatham's Hollow station was badly injured by the overturning of the lifeboat. The loss of life was the largest in a wreck on Cape Cod in twelve years.

The Castagna until recently was the Italian bark Giovanni B. and was originally the Loch Greo. She was built in 1874 in Port Glasgow and is 197 feet long, with a net register of 813 tons.

Buttressed severely from frostbite and exposure, the eight survivors of the Castagna arrived in Boston on a special hospital train, and were rushed to the Carney hospital.

Three of the men are dying and three others are in a critical condition. Luigi Olivari, the first mate, will have one hand and one arm amputated, and even then probably cannot recover. Luigi Blanghi and Josef Loto it is also feared cannot live.

Giovanni Marioni, Carlo Zueli and Nils Halverson are in a critical condition. All these men may have to undergo amputations. The others, whose condition is not so bad, are Angelo Todoroff and Garabaldi Morlein.

BUTLER SUPPORTERS WIN

Bill For Statue to General Passed by Day State Representatives

After a bitter wordy battle into which race, religion and politics were interjected, the admirers of the late General Butler succeeded in securing favorable action upon the bill providing for the appropriation of \$25,000 for the erection of a statue to General Butler, in the Massachusetts house of representatives.

By a vote of 117 to 104, the advocates of the Butler statue bill succeeded in overturning the adverse report of the committee which had this matter in charge and in having the bill for the statue substituted.

Previous to the vote Butler's civil and military records were both eulogized and censured.

KING TAKES A TUMBLE

Albert of Belgium Breaks an Arm When His Horse Stumbles

Albert, King of the Belgians, suffered a broken left arm while riding in the forest near Roitsfert. His mount stumbling over a loose stone, causing the king to come a cropper over the animal's head.

Exaggerated reports of the accident caused much public concern in Brussels. The king's physician, however, allayed anxiety by a bulletin describing the injury and declaring that no grave consequences were likely to ensue.

Mail Driver Opened Letters

John Van Bramer, driver of the mail wagon between Pittsfield, Mass., postoffice and the railroad station, was arrested on a charge of opening letters and stealing from the mails. He admitted his guilt.

Editor Dies In Snowdrift

Edward N. Townsend, editor of the Nassau County Republican, was found dead partially buried in a snowdrift at the front door of his home at Garden City, L. I. He had been overcome with the cold.

Baby Victim of Alcoholism

Three-year-old Thomas J. Foley, the youngest victim of alcoholism ever cared for at the Boston City hospital, is on the danger list at that institution as the result of drinking a quantity of beer. It is not known where the child obtained the beer.

NAVAL TUG POTOMAC ABANDONED BY CREW

Ice Floes Carry Ship Away In Gulf of St. Lawrence

The United States naval tug Potomac, caught fast in the ice floes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, was abandoned by the thirty-six officers and men of her crew, who landed safely at Bonne Bay.

The tug was driven seaward before a gale and soon disappeared from the range of shore observation. The ice was piled so thickly about the vessel that it was feared she would be crushed.

Supplies were taken over the ice to the Potomac and Boatwain Wilkinson, her commander, was prepared to remain on board so long as there was any prospect of saving the craft. Adverse weather conditions finally made it imperative to abandon ship.

The Potomac was caught in the ice on Feb. 6 while trying to free some American fishing vessels icebound at Bay of Islands.

EXILED FROM PERU

Billinghamhurst, Son and Minister, on Ship Bound For Panama

Guillermo Billinghamhurst, the deposed president of Peru, was sent into exile, together with his son, George, and his minister of the interior, Don Gonzalo Tirolo.



GUILLERMO BILLINGHURST

At midnight the fallen chief executive was taken from the penitentiary, where he had been confined since his overthrow on Feb. 4. Under military escort he was taken to the port of Callao, six miles away, where he and his two companions were placed on board the Peruvian cruiser Lima, which, at once sailed for Panama.

GHOULS INVADE TOMB

Steal Remains of Children Who Died Over Forty Years Ago

The bones of three children laid to rest in a burial vault in a Secaucus, N. J., cemetery more than forty years ago were surreptitiously removed.

The heavy doors of the vault were found broken open and on the floor lay three of the seven coffins in the tomb, from which the bones and dust and even the grave clothes had for some mysterious reason been taken.

The vault is the property of Abel I. Smith, a New York lawyer, who said it had been broken open four times in the last two years. Smith said he could not understand why the tomb should be invaded by ghouls.

For Alaskan Railroad

The administration Alaskan railroad bill, authorizing the president to construct a \$35,000,000 railroad from Alaska's coast to its great coal fields, was passed by the house by a vote of 230 to 87.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Adrian Iselin, 67, retired millionaire banker, took out a license at New York to wed Mrs. Sarah G. Brown, 67.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the novelist, died of apoplexy at her home in Montecito, Cal.

Maximo Castillo, the bandit, was interned at Fort Bliss in a cell next to that of his former friend, General Salazar.

Inmates of the Iowa state penitentiary prepared to resist through the courts the enforcement of the Iowa law providing for the sterilization of insane, diseased and criminal wards of the commonwealth.

Augustus O. Bacon, United States senator from Georgia for nearly nineteen years and chairman of the foreign relations committee since the ascendency of the Democratic party March 4, 1913, died in a hospital at Washington after an illness of ten days.

A thousand Liverpool babies are getting daily a municipal supply of milk sterilized by a new electrical process.

Chief Justice White observed the twentieth anniversary of his appointment to the supreme court bench.

SENATOR GORE IS EXONERATED

Jury Finds Him Not Guilty of Improper Conduct

BUT ONE BALLOT IS TAKEN

Verdict in Mrs. Bond's Suit For \$50,000 Damages Would Have Been the Same If No Evidence Had Been Introduced by Defense—Decision Quickly Reached

Senator Gore was exonerated of charges of improper conduct, by a verdict in his favor returned in the district court at Oklahoma City in the suit for \$50,000 damages instituted by Mrs. Minnie E. Bond of Oklahoma City.

The verdict was returned ten minutes after the case was given to the jury. Only one ballot was taken.

"We find," the jury stated in the verdict, "the evidence submitted by the plaintiff entirely insufficient upon which to find a suit; that said evidence wholly exonerates the defendant and had the defendant, at the conclusion of the plaintiff's evidence, announced that he desired to introduce no evidence and rested his case, our verdict would have been the same in that event as now returned by us, in favor of the defendant."

Trial of the suit began Wednesday. In her declaration Mrs. Bond alleged that the senator attacked her when they conferred at a hotel in Washington last March, in connection with the possible appointment of her husband, Julian Bond, as internal revenue collector at Oklahoma City.

Gore seized her, she alleged, throwing her violently across a bed. She claimed she freed herself only after several men appeared in the doorway of the room, in the scuffle, Mrs. Bond asserts, her face was scratched and hand lacerated by fragments of her broken eyeglasses.

In his answer Gore denied the charges, and as a counter-charge alleged that the suit was instigated by political opponents who had failed in their efforts to obtain federal patronage.

The jury, comprising nine farmers, a grocer, a banker and a broker, was obtained on the first day of the trial. Mrs. Bond was called as the first witness. Repeating her allegations, she denied any knowledge of the plot alleged by the senator, who is candidate for renomination at the Oklahoma primaries next August.

Efforts to have depositions bearing on alleged incidents in connection with the past of both plaintiff and defendant were prevented by a ruling of Judge Clark, who held such evidence not vital to the suit.

T. B. Robertson, Kirby Fitzpatrick and J. H. Earp, Oklahomans, who were in Washington at the time of the hotel episode, appeared as the principal witnesses for Mrs. Bond. All were unsuccessful candidates for federal positions.

Robertson and Fitzpatrick claimed to have been eye-witnesses to the alleged assault, while Earp asserted that he had been importuned by Gore to have Mrs. Bond leave Washington and "hush the matter up."

M'DERMOTT SENT TO JAIL

Four Months For Boston Man Who Took Bonuses From Laborers

Edward McDermott of Boston, convicted under the law that makes the taking of a bonus from a laborer, by one who can employ labor, an act of extortion, was sentenced to four months in the house of correction.

McDermott, who was formerly employed as foreman by the Hugh Hawn Contracting company, charged a number of laborers \$5 to give them a job and also charged them \$1 a week so that they might continue in their employment.

BECOMES A DUCHESS

Miss Hanan Bride of Italian Several Years Her Junior

A romance of the blue Levant culminated in the marriage at New York of Miss Elizabeth F. Hanan, sister of John H. Hanan, the millionaire shoe magnate, and Duke Arturo di Majo Durazzo of Italy. Miss Hanan is 55 and the duke is not yet 40.

The ceremony was performed at St. Thomas' church. Rev. Dr. Stires officiated and there was a full choral service.

Beheaded by Train

C. S. Shaghalias was beheaded at Melrose, Mass., after being struck by an express train. He was thrown against a post and his head torn from his body. Shaghalias was in the wholesale candy business in Boston and had been married only two weeks.

WORK OF MASKED MEN

Strip Altar of Furnishings and Destroy Statues In Church

Six masked men entered the Church of the Sacred Heart at New Britain, Conn., and stripped the altar of its furnishings, smashed large statues of the saints and angels and piled the debris at the foot of the altar. The blessed sacrament was strewn about the carpet, which was incinerated.

Rev. Lucyan Bojnowski, the pastor, ascribes the vandalism to Socialists and members of the Independent Catholic church, which is conducted in opposition to the Roman Catholic church.

Bishop of 72 Engaged to Marry

Right Rev. L. H. Wells, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Spokane, announced his engagement to Mrs. Andrew H. Smith of New York. Wells, whose first wife died ten years ago, is 72 years old.

BATES IS SENT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM

"Soul-Mate" Is Freed, Friends Agreeing to Take Care of Her

Loret M. Bates, who claimed Mrs. Hore Manning was his soul-mate, was adjudged insane by Judge Winn at Haverhill, Mass., and ordered committed to the state hospital for insane at Westboro. In letters shown to the judge Bates referred to himself as "God."

His "soul-mate" was banished from Haverhill and allowed her freedom after Boston friends agreed to take care of her. The statutory charge, upon which she had been found guilty, was placed on file. She was allowed to take her child, which had been complained of as neglected.

Mrs. Bates, against whom a neglect charge had been made, was allowed to have her four children. The charge was dismissed. She will be aided by friends.

TO NEW YORK QUARANTINE

Steering Passengers on Steamer Roma Moved From Providence

The 163 steering passengers of the Fabre line steamer Roma, from Mediterranean ports, who have been detained at Providence because of the discovery of two cases of typhus among Turkish immigrants, were transported to the New York quarantine on a special train.

Because of lack of quarantine accommodations at Providence the immigrants were detained on the Roma, as the authorities would not allow them to proceed to New York on the steamer because of her damaged condition.

The Roma will clear for New York to repair damages sustained from her pounding for six hours on the rocks of No. Man's Land during the blizzard of Monday.

GRASSE IS CONVICTED

Jury Finds Maine Man Guilty of Killing Divorced Wife

The jury in the case of Rance Grasse, a lumber crew foreman, charged with the murder of his divorced wife, Mrs. Nettie M. Appleby, returned a verdict of manslaughter at Bangor, Me.

In his closing, Attorney General Wilson referred to an accusation of mistreatment brought against Grasse by Marcela Torrens, a 12-year-old niece, and suggested that the child's story had stirred Mrs. Appleby to such anger that she assailed Grasse with a bitterness of speech that maddened him and prompted the fatal shot.

FIRE DESTROYS MAIL

Three Thousand Letters and Other Matter Burn With a Car

Seventy-five bags of mail destined for Vermont points were destroyed by a fire in a mail car on the Vermont Central railroad at Brattleboro.

Included in the destroyed matter were 3000 letters, many annual town reports, and a quantity of parcel post matter. Nobody was in the car when the fire was discovered and it is thought that the flames started from attempts to thaw out the frozen running gear earlier in the day.

Two empty freight cars nearby were also destroyed.

MELLEN MUST STAND TRIAL

Indictments Against Other Railroad Officials Are Quashed

State Attorney Judson of Connecticut quashed the manslaughter indictments against five officials of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, but refused to annul the indictment against former President Charles S. Mellen.

The indictments grew out of the wreck at Westport, Conn., Oct. 3, 1913, in which seven persons were killed.

Carmen's Strike Settled

The strike of Montpelier, Vt., street railway men, which has been in progress since Feb. 6, is settled. The Carmen returned to work and an arbitration board will later arrange a new working schedule in place of the one which expired Feb. 1.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

John D. Rockefeller has given \$50,000 to the Springfield, Mass., Y. M. C. A. college.

Mrs. Mary Farrell, a widow, died from burns received at her home in Central Falls, R. I., when flames from a gas stove ignited her clothing.

Captain Charles Matroni of the barge Snipe was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Massachusetts state prison for the murder of Annie Walsh in the barge at New Bedford.

George B. Brewster, a druggist, took his own life by shooting at Dexter, Me. He was 35 years of age.

Captain William H. Hand, one of the few senior captains of the United States revenue cutter service, and a veteran of the Civil war, died at New Bedford, Mass.

GRANTED MUTUAL DIVORCE

Mackay and His Wife Are Parted on Grounds of Desertion

Small Depositors Are Welcome

At all times at this Institution. Don't be afraid because you haven't a large amount to deposit that you will not be accorded courteous treatment; for we take SPECIAL INTEREST in the small depositor and fully realize that he soon becomes a large depositor.

It is the aim of the Officers of this Institution to render all clients, regardless of the size of their accounts, the same impartial, efficient service.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets.

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we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and

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Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

AS SLAYERS OF MINERS

Four Copper District Officers Sentenced to Prison Terms

Edward Polkinghorn, deputy sheriff, was sentenced at Hancock, Mich., to serve from seven to twelve years' imprisonment for his part in the killing of two striking copper miners.

Detectives Cooper, Davis and Groff, charged with the same offense, were sentenced to seven to fifteen years. The four men were convicted of second degree murder.

The jurors recommended clemency in the case of Polkinghorn.

State Treasurer a Suicide

John J. Kennedy, New York state treasurer, committed suicide at the Almarcon hotel, Buffalo, where he and his family had lived for about a year. He was found in a small lavatory with his throat cut and an open razor lying on the floor beside him. He died before a doctor arrived.

Industrial School Barn Burns

The cattle barn at the state industrial school at Virgennes, Vt., where the executive building was burned three weeks ago, was destroyed by fire with a loss of \$20,000. A herd of registered cattle was saved. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

Six Years For Killing Wife

Arthur C. Mack, alleged to have beaten his wife to death, was sentenced at Providence to six years' imprisonment. He was tried on the charge of murder, but the jury found him guilty of manslaughter.

James R. Sutherland of Whitman, Mass., accused of killing his wife, Winifred Sutherland, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

While northern Connecticut was witnessing a sunset of unusual size and brilliancy, William J. Farrell of Hartford, believing the end of the world had arrived, hanged himself.

Notice

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

Automobile Department.

GEORGE H. WELLINGTON.

While carrying a ladder through the crowded streets of Philadelphia the other day, a big Irishman was so unfortunate as to break a plate glass window in a shop. Immediately dropping his ladder, the Celt broke into a run, but he had been seen by the shopkeeper, who dashed after him, and caught him by the collar.

"See here!" angrily exclaimed the shopkeeper, when he had regained his breath, "you have broken my window!"

"Sure I have," assented the Celt, "and didn't you see me running home to get the money to pay for it?"—New York Herald.

Naming the Cat.

One evening last summer my neighbor's bright little son, aged four, took dinner with us.

After we had finished, Clyde became a little hilarious, and in order to quiet him I said, "Go and call the kitty in out of the yard."

He immediately went to the door, and at the top of his voice began calling, "Come, kitty! Come, kitty! Come, kitty!"

"Oh," I said, "call her gently, then she'll come."

Then he yelled, "Come, Gently! Come, Gently! Come, Gently!"—Lippincott's.

No Reason to Work.

A large, slouchy colored man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at the heels and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his blitheness.

As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from a doorway and hailed him.

"Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"

"No'm," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."—Washington Star.

Stung.

Two ladies who had just been introduced to each other at the reception had exchanged a few conventional remarks. Then the younger one remarked, "I can't imagine what upset the tall, blonde man over there. He was so attentive to me a little while ago and now he won't look at me."

"Perhaps he saw me come in," answered the other woman. "I am his wife."—Houston Post.

Conundrum.

"I courted my wife three years before I got her," confessed a friend, "and a lot of that was wasted time."

"Why," we shuddered, "your wife is a most excellent woman."

"Indeed she is. I can lick the man that says she isn't. But since then dear old days I have discovered that I could have got her in 12 weeks if I had the guts to ask for her. Did I waste time or didn't I?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Garrick's Wit.

David Garrick on one occasion passed Tyburn as a huge crowd was assembling to witness the execution of a criminal. "Who is he?" asked the great actor of a friend who accompanied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel," was the reply.

"Ah," said Garrick, "I wonder which of the vowels he is, for there are several. At all events it is certain that it is neither U nor I!"

Within the Law.

A real negro "mammy" of the old type came up the walk through the old-fashioned garden to the side porch. She had a basket of "fresh ribs" on her arm and was offering them for sale.

"Are you sure they are perfectly fresh, auntie?" asked the lady who came out of the house.

"Yes, um, they are all right, Miss Bess. Ain't nary disorderly rib amongst 'em."—New York Evening Post.

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The negro janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old negro what he thought of the new minister.

"Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah, m'm, euhhahly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de Lord for things dat de under preacher didn't even know he had."—Christian Herald.

Wife—Can I disturb you a minute, dear?

Husband—Sorry, but I haven't any time.

Wife—Just a minute, the dressmaker is here with her bill.

Husband—But, my dear child, I told you I haven't any time, and time, you know, is the same as money!—Puck.

The divorce court was grinding.

"All ladies who married on a bet or a dare or for a joke will stand up," announced the clerk.

They lined up.

"Your applications are denied. Now the regular cases will be heard."

A certain plumbing establishment in Brooklyn has this sign on its front door: IRON AND LEAD SINKS.

One morning, as the head of the firm was coming to work, the following words were found added to the legend:

Any darn fool knows that.

—Lippincott's.

Crusty Customer—Gimme a pound o' sulphur. How much is it? Druggist—Fifteen cents a pound. Crusty Customer—What! Hang it, man, I can get it across the street for 10 cents. Druggist (in disgust)—Yes, and there's a place where you can get it for nothing.

—Kansas City Star.

"What's your idea of the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

"A statesman," replied the man of practical experience, "keeps a public scrapbook and the politician keeps a private ledger."—Washington Star.

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?"

"You bet. I bought the houses on either side of us at half their value," Judge.

"Real estate took a sudden jump in our neighborhood yesterday."

"What made it rise?"

"A gas pipe in the street blew up."

SCORPION STINGS.

They Kill Thousands of Persons Yearly in Mexico.

QUICK WORK OF THE POISON.

The Venom of the Deadly Spider, Unless Prompt Treatment Follows the Bite, Will End the Life of the Victim in Twelve or Fourteen Hours.

Four thousand persons are reported to die each year in Mexico from the stings of scorpions.

There are several varieties of scorpions in Mexico, some of them exceedingly venomous and others little feared. In the neighborhood of Tepic the virulent Centruroides gracilis abounds, but it is little known about the more northern parts of Sonora. It is one of the most venomous creatures in the world.

In the arid city of Durango scorpions are perhaps more plentiful and more dangerous than anywhere else in the republic. Here the climate is hot and arid—It is in the "terra caliente"—and it is estimated that more than 150,000 scorpions are killed each year, with no appreciable effect on their numbers.

A scorpion resembles a diminutive lobster. Some specimens are eight inches long, though the average length is from two to four inches. The claws closely resemble a lobster's, with their scorpion crabs the prey after disabling it by means of a sting.

The body of a scorpion consists of several segmented joints, the last five or more narrowing down to form the tail, which curls up forward over the body and terminates in the sting. This stingsome appendage is a horny, sharp spine containing two little openings which connect with the venom gland within the shell of the last segment. In striking the scorpion gives the tail a rapid lashing motion forward in advance of the body and literally administers a hypodermic injection of poison, or rather several injections, for it usually stings repeatedly when it does strike.

In color scorpions vary according to environment. One ordinarily colorless or translucent will assume a brown or blackish shade in dark surroundings. Scorpions live in the cracks of the sun baked clay, under stones, in the cracks of the adobe huts and in the cracks in the plaster of old frame houses. They prey upon spiders and other night wandering insects. A spider stung by a scorpion may be observed undergoing convulsions before death just as animals or human beings do.

Unless sleeping cots are well screened and the supports immersed in cans of kerosene or carbolic acid-water evaporates too rapidly—the prevailing scorpion may find its way beneath the bed covers and sting the restless child. Its nature is a nocturnal pest. In Mexico every one takes a peep in the toes of his shoe before dressing in the morning to assure himself that no undesirable citizen is hiding there.

Contrary to common belief scorpions never commit suicide by stinging themselves to death—at least not in Mexico. In fact, they seem immune to their own venom. Two well matched specimens will battle to death if confined in a jar slung high each other repeatedly, yet the victor does not die. He tears his antagonist into small pieces with his claws and voraciously devours every trace of the vanquished foe. And the cannibal thrives on the diet.

Some scorpion bites cause little more than burning pain and numbness in the part affected for a few days. But the more poisonous varieties cause death, and that speedily, especially when they sting young children or debilitated old people. The lower classes of people suffer more than the well to do because of their custom of going about half naked most of the time.

In serious cases the local authorities and police or burning extend over the body in a few hours. Then follows a swelling as of a ball in the throat, the victim clutching his throat as though choking on a foreign body. Prompt treatment at this stage will usually save life.

If not treated the mouth soon begins to froth and the eyes become reddened and hypersensitive to light. Within an hour or two the breathing grows shorter and more difficult, the body turns blue, the pulse fails and convulsions set in. The convulsions recur frequently during several hours, but complete relaxation usually ensues in the end.

Fortunately unconsciousness develops early, so that the victim does not suffer the tortures of one dying from lockjaw. The average time required for a scorpion sting to cause death is twelve or fourteen hours.

The treatment of scorpion sting consists of a free incision of the part to promote copious bleeding, then vigorous massage toward the bleeding center for half an hour or more. Stimulants—menstrual drugs and not that pseudo stimulant alcohol—are also necessary.

In villages where physicians are wanting the treatment is applied by "practitioners"—ignorant self constituted healers, and many a poor carries horrible scars from the practitioner's crude surgery. Their reckless use of carbolic acid, iodine and similar poisons also accounts for many otherwise avoidable fatalities among victims of scorpion stings. —New York Sun.

Difficulties may surround our path, but if the difficulties be not in ourselves they may generally be overcome.—Jowett.

All Treatment Experimental.

All treatment, however carefully chosen, is in the nature of an experiment, writes Dr. F. M. Sandwith in the Clinical Journal, for none can know the exact effect of any treatment or drug on any individual patient until he has tried it. A drug may suit nicely one person but be injurious to the one hundredth because of some idiosyncrasy.

BERRY, THE HANGMAN.

How He Got His Grimacing Office and Why He Resigned It.

Berry, the famous English hangman, had an extraordinary career. He worked as a carpenter, engineer and painter before joining the police force. He knew his predecessors, Marwood and Cudroft, and secured the post of hangman out of 1,100 applicants. It is said that Berry was chosen as hangman by the sheriff of London through an answer he gave to a question about hanging a man he knew to be innocent. "Would you hang that gentleman over there?" he was asked. After looking at the culprit, a venerable, gray bearded figure, Berry is alleged to have replied: "I would hang the lot of you. The crime would not be mine, but the law's."

And yet Berry finally gave up his office as hangman because the execution by him of two innocent persons got on his nerves.

The first case was that of a farm lad, aged about eighteen, accused of shooting a policeman. The boy protested his innocence to Berry up to the last moment, but was duly executed. Some time after this Berry hanged the Northern hall murderer, one of whom just before he died told Berry that it was he who had shot the policeman for which crime the boy had been executed.

The second case was that of Mary Leelly of Lincolnshire who was accused of poisoning her husband with arsenic. She too, protested her innocence, but was hanged. Some years later a former deputy of convict confessed the crime. He said he had had a quarrel with John Leelly, and when both John and Mary were out he had entered their cottage and put arsenic in a milk pudding which had been prepared for John Leelly's dinner.

It was on account of these two grave misadventures of justice that Berry ultimately turned evangelist. He was persuaded to go to a mission meeting at Bradford and there announced his conversion.—London Tit-Bits.

GEMS IN A VACUUM.

They Take on an Added Brilliance and Fairly Glow.

The jewelers of ancient Egypt knew more than modern craftsmen about treating gems so that they would shine and sparkle. Such gems as the emerald, garnet and jacinth were liver and more luminous in the days of the Pharaohs than they can be made today. It is known that the diamond, ruby, emerald and kinnite become more phosphorescent or incandescent under certain circumstances.

Gems exhibit the liveliest phosphorescence in vacuum tubes. Even in rarefied air some diamonds give out a blue light, which is not present in a denser atmosphere. In a vacuum a diamond of four or five karats gives as much light as a candle. The color of the light differs not only with the origin of the diamond, but with the facets of the same diamond. Maskevitch made a collection of diamonds which glowed in a vacuum with nearly all the colors of the spectrum. An uncut stone which was roughly cube shape with truncated corners and edges, emitted orange yellow light from the faces of the cube, pale yellow from the corners, and lemon yellow from the flat edges.

Next to the diamond stands the ruby as highly phosphorescent in a vacuum. The ruby emits a beautiful red light, as though it were incandescent. Kinnite shines with a golden yellow or yellow tinged with rose. The emerald shines with a crimson light. The same gems become phosphorescent under the influence of radium. The ultraviolet rays also produce incandescence in gems.

It is well known that rubies from the mines of Burma are more valuable than those from neighboring Siam. Externally they look much alike, but under the ultraviolet rays the Burmese stones which are called oriental rubies glow like red embers, while the Siamese rubies look almost black.—Independent.

Ireland's Coney Island.

Queeny Island is a good old Irish name, which will be news to a vast majority of people who visit that part of the greater city. Brooklyn newspapers have asserted the name was adopted from small animals which made their homes in the sand. But the will of Viscount Charlemont, who died last summer, aged eighty-three, directs that he shall be buried at Queeny Island, Lough Neagh, Ireland, and provides an annuity for the upkeep of the "old tower," which had been in the possession of his family many generations.—New York Post.

Warm Suggestion.

Crusty Customer—Gimme a pound o' sulphur. How much is it? Druggist—Fifteen cents a pound. Crusty Customer—What! Hang it, man, I can get it across the street for 10 cents. Druggist (in disgust)—Yes, and there's a place where you can get it for nothing.—Kansas City Star.

The Duchess' Philosophy.

The old Duchess of Cleveland invited a relative to her husband's funeral and told him to bring his gun with him when he came, adding, "We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot."—Sir Algernon West's Reminiscences.

Outstripped It.

"As I recall things, you once had a future before you," said the old friend.

"Yes," replied the fate tossed man, "but, you see, I lived so fast that I got ahead of it."

Conscience and wealth are not always neighbors.—Mosses.

As She Caught It.

The use of the telephone frequently results in some very funny mistakes. Prior to a meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago a young woman was asked over the telephone if she would take two delegates to the convention. She agreed to do so, and on the day appointed showed up at the hall with two jelly cakes.—Boston Transcript.

NOT A GOOD JAILER.

Bill, the German Sentry Was Caught, What in a Quindary.

The warden in Baltimore Jail is nearly always from the Punjab and northern India. They are large and muscular, but the principal reason for selecting them is that they are not Buddhists. The German is sometimes employed as a warder, but his Buddhist education often causes his prejudices to come in collision with his official duties, as in the case of one warder.

A phoozyee, or Buddhist priest, in jail for stealing, had been placed in solitary confinement for disobeying the prison rules. His influence as a priest had persuaded a German warder to procure him some hotel nuts, which, being discovered in his possession, caused his punishment.

The stone cell in which the priest was confined had a plank supported at both ends by insertion into slots in the walls. The plank served as a bed, and at night the priest jumped on it again and again in order to force the ends out of the shallow sockets.

The German sentry peeped into the aperture of the door and asked him to desist.

The convict replied that he was a priest and, as such, forbidden to sleep upon a raised bed.

By this time he had got the board free and, to disarm the sentry's suspicions, lay down upon it and feigned sleep. The sentry returned to his post, but a few hours later he was alarmed to see the phoozyee walking softly down the passage. He had used the board as a lever to force out two of the bars in the door and had managed to squeeze himself through the aperture.

The sentry, a Buddhist, was embarrassed. To lay violent hands upon the body convict was out of the question; to allow him to escape would bring punishment upon himself. As the passage doors were locked and the priest safe for the present, the sentry ventured to remonstrate with his charge on the impropriety of his behavior.

The tramp of the relief guard was heard outside. The sentry knelt and implored the priest to return to his cell. The door opened upon the tableau—a uniformed sentry in an attitude of supplication before a convict.

The Punjabee who formed the relief guard, not being a Buddhist, had no respect for phoozyees. The convict priest was promptly bundled into a new cell.—Boston Herald.

Led Up to a Fall.

Antillean frequently occurs in the literary efforts of natives in India, particularly when they have occasion to petition Europeans for favors. The following is a fair example:

"Will the presence, whose reputation for justice is known from east to west and whose countenance spreads for among his inferiors, who are as the sands of the seashore in number, graciously deign to take but an instant's notice of him who has the almost delirious honor to name himself as one of the most unworthy among the servants of the protector of the poor and well the favorite son of the Lord of the universe magnanimously overlook the amazing presumption in asking him for the payment of a bill of two annas for hen feed?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Life on Broadway.

"Hey! Git outter th' way! Do you tink you own th' street?"

"Go on, you big stiff! You got about as much brains as a wasd!"

"Come down here and I'll lick you!"

"You couldn't lick a postage stamp, you boob!"

St behind the motorman on a Broadway car some afternoon and this is some of the repartee you will hear between the truck driver who insists on sticking to the car tracks and the motorman trying to keep to schedule. Of course nothing serious happens. There are lots of "coops" along Broadway, good big ones.—New York Tribune.

Native Home of the Novel.

England is the native home of the novel, as is Normandy of the apple or Valencia of the orange. Why? That question can be answered only in a large volume or in a single word. Let us answer it in a word. Lord Redcliffe has already suggested the answer to us. It is that the novel is in its nature intimate, cordial and homely and that the English mind is homely, intimate and cordial.—Anatole France in a London address.

Rinse the Lamp Every Two Weeks.

To keep a lamp in good condition the oil should be entirely emptied out at least every two weeks. Rinse every particle of sediment from the bowl of the lamp with a little clean oil. Never use water for this, for even a drop will cause the flame to sputter. After cleaning every part thoroughly, refill the bowl with oil, to which a little salt has been added to make a more brilliant light.—Country Gentleman.

Mean Man.

Edwards—So you think your next door neighbor is mean? Marshall—Of course I think he is mean. Wouldn't you think him mean if he killed his neighbor, which had happened you and kept you awake every morning for two years, the very night before you wanted to catch a 2:30 a. m. train.—Judge.

A Possible Reason.

Borelitch at 11:59 in the evening: I love that dreamy look in your eyes. I have never seen it in any other girls.

Miss Bright (stiff as a yawn)—Perhaps you don't stay as late with them as you do here.—Boston Transcript.

Do not allow kindness to deceive you.

For, while you give him today, he steals tomorrow from you.

Circular Evolution.

"Jim"—errand boy.

"James"—office boy.

"Brown"—clerk.

"Mr. Brown"—head clerk.

"Brown"—junior member of the firm.

"James"—son-in-law of head of firm.

"Jim"—head of the firm and power on the street.—Life.

AMAZONS OF THE ALPS.

Big and Drawny, They Do the Houghest Kind of Heavy Work.

On the mountainous slopes of the Dolomite district of the Alps there is a curious race of powerfully built people. For some reason best known to themselves they build their dwellings in spots inaccessible to ordinary mortals. The people of the high-altitude valleys are quite a different class of beings and are looked upon as weaklings, which they certainly are compared with the sturdy men and women who ascend the steep and rugged roads leading to picturesque villages. The men are round of men and boast a physique that is extraordinary, but they are not so formidable as the women, who may be described as peaceful Amazons.

Most marked is the difference between the women who live in this portion of Italy and the French ones whose home is but a few miles away in the valley of the Isere. Between Chamoisy and Modane. The latter are ordinary passably, but the former attract the attention of the visitor immediately by reason of their size, strength and power of endurance.

There are no several types of women in this district of the Dolomite Alps. Dark complexioned, suggestive of southern Italy, bonneted and bloused may be seen working side by side. All, however, are tall, well built and muscular. The work these women are capable of and which they do cheerfully is enough to terrify any average laborer in the British Isles. It is not a little gentle farming or milking or spinning that can be done with comparative ease, but hard, laborious work of all kinds, requiring much physical strength and untalented effort.

To see women carrying loads of a hundredweight and more for miles along rough roads and up steep inclines is quite common, and that a stranger should comment upon the feat is to them incomprehensible. They have been accustomed to work since the days of their girlhood and cannot imagine the delicate ladies of the big towns.—London Standard.

SKOBELEV, THE MADCAP.

Miller Thought Him Almost a Napoleon.

A few days before he called for Knappe on the trip which ended with his death on the Titanic, Frank D. Miller said to a friend in his studio:

"Skobelev. How well I remember him! We used to call him the Madcap. That was when he swam the Danube against orders, dashed into Vienna without recommendations and committed other little indiscretions of that sort which only a madman or a genius would attempt."

"Later I came to recognize him as almost a reincarnation of Napoleon. His ambition was literally about the same as Napoleon's. He wanted Russia to conquer the world. I shared with him once on the heights above Constantinople—it was in March, 1875 just before the treaty of San Stefano—when he outlined to me his schemes, which began with the absorption of the Ottoman empire, then extended to a conquest of India and concluded with practical designs on England in Europe."

"It was unbearably naïve, and I should have dismissed the talk as the veriest moonshine had I not been a witness during the preceding months to the man's rise from an inferior position, where he was under a cloud, to a lieutenant generalship, with which he had become the hero of the war. He was then the practical hand which Russia held on Turkey's throat. He died only a few years later, miserable, wasted, futile. A strange man, a great man; I think the most remarkable man I have ever known."—Richard Barry in Century.

Doubles of Famous Men.

Temponson, who resembled Dickens, had, despite disparity of years, an almost perfect "double" in Sir Leslie Stephen. Perhaps it is similarity of occupation or interests that breeds resemblance, for Professor Schröder was so like Huxley that even their intimate friend Grant Duff mistook one for the other, and Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema was scarcely distinguishable from his brother artist, Du Maurier. The theory, however, hardly accounts for the ludicrous resemblance of Edmund Yates and the late dash of Persia.—London Chronicle.

Real Pleasant.

Widowed Father to his ten-year-old daughter—Do you know, Minnie, that your goodness is going to get married? Minnie—I'm so glad to get rid of the hateful thing. I was afraid she was never going to leave us. Who is she going to marry? Widowed Father—Me.—London Telegraph.

Just Accident.

"I don't see what claim you have for this accident insurance," said the agent. "You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, wasn't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.—Puck.

A Wider Field.

"I think I'll be a trained nurse. I see many nurses marry millionaires."

"I would earnestly advise you to try the stage. Of course some millionaires go to hospitals, but more of them go to the musical comedies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Humors of Aviation.

Fair Isaac—Aren't you afraid when you go up in the air? Arkler—Well, I must admit I sometimes feel a sort of gratuitous apprehension.—Pearson's Weekly.

Foretelling the Future.

Mrs. de Stile—So your baby girl is three weeks old. My, how time flies! Mrs. Gorburne—Yes. Just think in thirty years time how she will be twenty-one years old!

Robber From Lettuce.

Robber of good quality can be made from wild lettuce, one species of which contains 2 1/2 and another 1.68 per cent of it.

EXERCISE AT HOME

A Short Course in Body Building For Business Men.

NEW LIFE FOR THE MUSCLES.

This System is Simple, Gives Help Where Help is Needed, Takes but Ten Minutes Night and Morning and Increases Strength and Vitality.

This is a synopsis of the preliminary selling up exercises upon the training of the various athletic limbs, which I tested personally when captain of the Yale athletic team and which were approved by the late Alice M. Phelps. I have adapted them for use by business men.

—SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Get up! That's the hardest part. Then throw a pair of two pound dumbbells, holding them with both hands up over the head, and swing them down between the outstretched legs, then up until they are shoulder high and swing straight out to one side as far as possible, holding the arms straight out at right angles and then swing them down between the legs and up and out the other side. If you don't have the dumbbells clear the bed and do it without.

This is the famous "liver squeeze," which Bandow once said helped more muscles than any other single exercise. Moreover, it helps the muscles that need help.

Even the most sedentary man exercises his arms and legs somewhat. Few after middle age ever exercise the great trunk muscles that carry the vital parts of the body. That is the reason so many men past forty are ruptured and suffer so easily from strained or rheumatic backs and so on. That is one reason, too, for dyspepsia; the blood is never forced across the stomach and back as it should be. The liver squeezes stretches and strengthens the muscles of the lower and upper back and the great fat muscles across the breast and abdomen, and, as its name implies, stimulates and increases the blood supply of the digestive organs underneath these vital muscles.

Do this exercise every morning and night five times, if you are over forty, ten times if under for a week. Then add one day to the number until it reaches thirty. That is enough for the average man. In two weeks you will find that your stomach and back are hardening, that your appetite has increased and that your digestion is better.

After the liver squeeze and after each exercise take five long, slow breaths, holding for a moment and breathing out slowly. Breathe right down to the bottom of the lungs or, rather, right up to the little upper corners that are so seldom inflated in everyday life and where the fatal tuberculosis bug always finds its first foothold.

Then lie down flat on the bed with the legs hanging over the side and slowly raise them, without bending, straight up and down again. Put one hand on the stomach and see how the abdominal muscles come in and harden. This is the "waist" so called because it meets the fat of the stomach. Five times every morning and night is enough for the first two weeks. Then add one day until it, too, runs up to thirty. This is the great weight reducer and is used by all athletes to get into condition and take off "slush," as the trainers call the fat that gathers so quickly and insidiously over the stomach.

After this exercise and the five deep breaths stand with the stomach in, chest out and arms straight out at right angles to the body, shoulder high, and make each dumbbell describe a small circle, kneading the shoulders back. This is part of the military setting up exercises to insure a good carriage. The average man works over a desk all day and long before he is fifty stoops at the shoulders. Twenty times every morning and night is enough for the first two weeks. Then increase it slowly up to a hundred.

The last of the exercises is for the neck muscles, which never get any exercise and often let the head sag forward. Clasp the hands back of the head and bend the head until the chin touches the breast. Then push the head back against the pull of the hands, keeping the chin down. Do it the same number of times as the setting up exercise, and in a few weeks you will be looking the world in the face again.

All of these exercises should, of course, be done before an open window or on a sleeping porch. If possible do them stripped. This gives the skin an air bath and hardens it so that it can resist cold and colds.

After these exercises take a cold sponge or tub bath and drink one glass of cold water. Get up early enough to walk at least a mile on your way to work and again on your way home. On either walk don't think of business. Relax your mind, watch the people you meet or, better still, get some friend to walk in and out with you. This prescription is to be mixed with eight hours of sleep daily.

These exercises take less than ten minutes, and you can't use twenty of the daily 1,440 to better advantage. Try this system for three weeks and see what an increase of power and vitality there is and how much easier it is to think and work and play with a helping instead of a hindering body.—New York Tribune.

Pure Sugar.

Pure sugar will be entirely consumed by fire, while an ash will remain if it is adulterated.

A Sense of Humor.

Dr. Ingram, bishop of London, once declared that a "sense of humor is essential to success. If a young man has no sense of humor I would keep him at college until he got one."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

All Hail

a militant suffragette),
man who was raised a cat,
teacher had 'em hot' handle
which of the two do you s'pose is
—Hudson Post.

"Here's my latest picture,"
title." I tell you, war's a terri-
—

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad
intel.—Stray Stories,

nature females is prone
paradoxes say,
woman cannot lie—A story,
it also can hear a sigh.
—Town Topics.

has become of the orator who
make such thrilling speeches?
and Quint," replied Farmer
col. "He took on so much
that he couldn't get up on a
without amissin' it in." —
ton Star.

arksmen both was William Tell,
ow of the stars,
early always rang the bell
and won cigars.
—Pittsburg Post.

Rudolph, the lion, has just bit-
the trainer's arm.
but case Rudolph won't want any
said the heartless proprietor
low.—Kansas City Journal.

of suffragettes remind us
hat as long as blarvies note
have always had some trouble,
ore or less, about the vote.
y—Anyhow a woman's mind is
clearer than a man's.
y—it ought to be. It changes
—Illinois Star.

butcher brags of honesty,
but for his gors I thirist,
when I ask for sausage he
Will hand me out his worst.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

your husband often comes to
such sociable?
My husband isn't sociable any—
Cornell Widow.

w, Mrs. Fry is much put out
because her husband snook her
id asked her if she'd please get up
And start the fireless cooker.
—Yonkers Statesman.

or to jail—And how did you get
tendence Man—"They gave me five
just for attending to my business."
—

onesty's the best thing over.
It will bring the metal yellow.
onesty's the best thing over—
Specially in the other fellow.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

y husband thinks I'm the dearest
in the world."
ought to know. He pays your
—Fun.

asked Miranda for her heart
And truly hoped to win it.
her answer thereto from dawnstart.
She said, "You are not in it."
—Alphinctt's.

hat's the matter, old man? You
to have had a sudden attack."
averse one. I asked my barber if
it need a hair cut, and he said
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ives of husbands oft remind us
That our very best defenses
is to give in at the outset.
Of incipient arguments,
—Judge.

nt Alvin—So you took your first
ing lesson today. Was it difficult?
unt Lucille—No. All I had to do
keep turning around and wiping my
—Exchange.

lfo," says Luke McLuke in the
nnual Enquirer, "is a cocktail in
n the bitter is blended with the
ut, and woman is the cherry." Some-
one are olives.—Boston Transcript.

ady—Jack is horrid! When we
out tonight a little bug flew right
my mouth, and I asked him of
t what was a sign.
lytle What did he say if I meant?
adya That I should keep my mouth
—Judge.

rst Married Man—Is there ever an
ision when everything at your dis-
table is stone-cold?
econd Married Man No, not every-
g. We always manage to have a
ed argument.—Judge.

Your voice," said the capitious mus-
director; "leaves much to be de-
d."
That's why I got so many encores,"
led the slip young thing.—Cleveland
Dealer.

s. Bagrox—Toll me, professor,
ny daughter-over become a great
all?
ore Vogelschmitzlo—I cannot tell.
rs. Bagrox—But has she none of the
ifications necessary for a good man-
?
err Vogelschmitzlo—Ach! Yah,
can she las; two hands.—Puck.

eacher (describing her encounter
n a tramp)—And then—I fainted.
little Johanna Jeffries—Wi yer left
wif yer right, wain't?—London Tat-
ler.

What's a dilemma?" asked the
all boy.
Well," replied the other, "it's some-
hing like this: If your father says
I'll punish you if you don't let your
ther cut your hair, that's a dilem-
ma!" —New York Independent.

"Tommy, whose's your toy engine?"
Napa has it." "Where's your ex-
cess car?" "Uncle has that." "You
ern to be a minority stockholder in
s railroad, son." —Pittsburgh Post.

Mrs. Goodale (feeding tramp)—You
men to have a good appetite.
Hungry Higgins—Ah, mum, dat's all
ave left in de world dat I kin right-
ly call me own.—Boston Transcript.

The customer—But is he a good bird? I
can. I hope he doesn't use dreadful
language. Dealer—"E's a saint, lady;
ings yms beautiful. I 'nd some par-
ts 'not used to swear something aw-
ful, but if you'll believe me, this 'ord
converted the lot.—London By-
ander.

Uncle Gus—"So this is the baby, eh?
used ot look just like him at that age.
That's he crying about now?"
Niece Susie—"Oh, Uncle Gus, ha
ard what you said." —Chicago News.

The customer raised his hand, and
he barber, pausing in the operation of
shaving him, inclined his head. "Ser?"
Give me gas," said the customer.—
Quiver Globe.

Snickers and giggles seem to have
taken the place of the good-old-fashioned
early laugh.

It's awfully hard for a girl with a
pretty ankle to keep her shoe laced

